

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXII. No. 2104

London
October 22, 1941



Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

V194

+ M: VITIE & PRICE + Biscuits of Highest Quality +

*N*ormandie Hotel
AND RESTAURANT

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.7 Ken 1400

LUNCHEON · DINNER · DANCING
TO THE GREGORY QUARTET 8.30-12.30

Single Rooms and Bath . . . 12/6

Single Rooms and Private Bath 15/-

Double Rooms . . . from 21/-

Inclusive weekly terms by arrangement

Special Terms to H.M. Forces and their Families

Grant's
Scotch
Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

For
INFLUENZA and COLDS
Cephos is safe
and certain

1/3 & 3/-
Sold everywhere
in tablet or
powder form.

It does not affect the heart

HIGHLAND
QUEEN
Grand
Liqueur



MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD. - Scotch
Whisky Distillers, Leith Glasgow, London.

PALACE COURT
HOTEL

★ Bournemouth's most Modern
Hotel. All Hotel Bedrooms
have private bathrooms en
suite. Dancing weekends. ★
Telephone in every room.

BOURNEMOUTH

Bulmer's



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS . . .

CHAMPAGNE CIDER

Obtainable at all the best
Hotels and Restaurants

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD, ENGLAND



If Time could in fact "run back and fetch the Age of Gold", should we find it all that the Poets dreamed, or were their dreams but a groping after an ideal existence which no age has known?

Nerve *versus* Nerves —yesterday and today

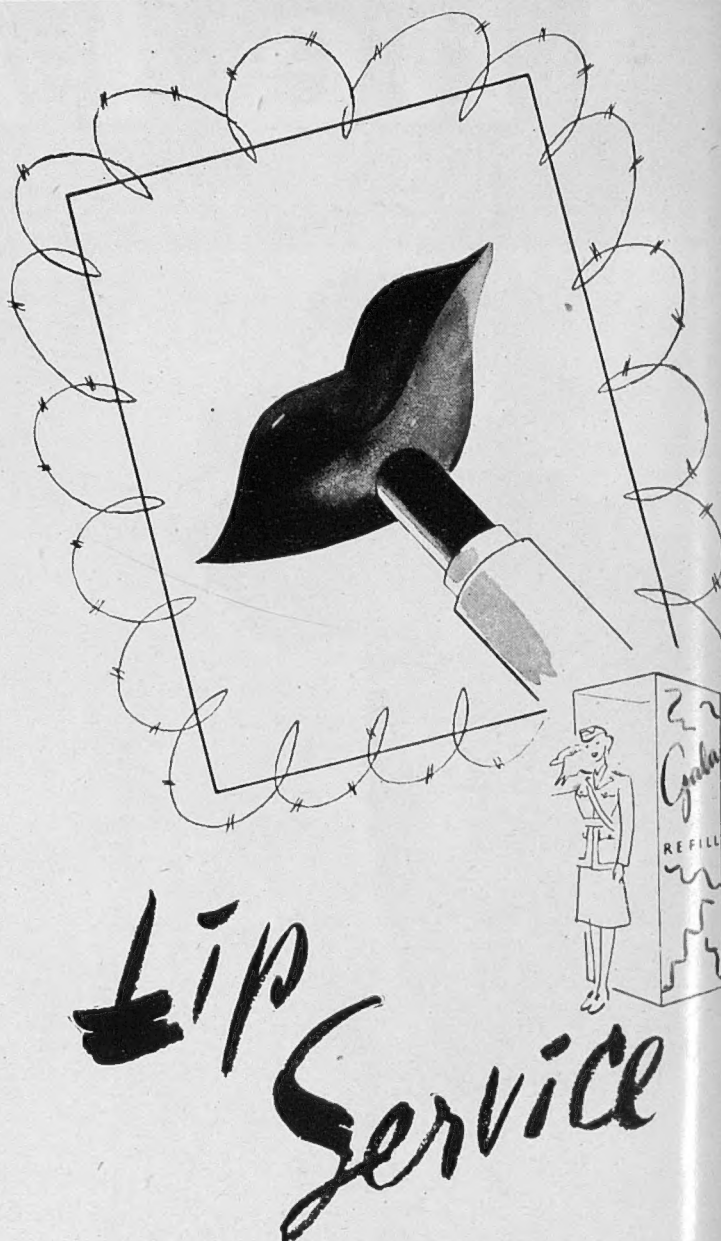
When life was less complex than it is to-day, nerve-strain was unknown and good health was taken for granted. The anxieties of these war-shadowed days, added to the stress and strain of modern civilization, may well undermine even the strongest health unless the nervous system is strengthened and sustained by adequate supplies of the organic phosphorus and protein which above all else it needs. In 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food you find organic phosphorus and protein *in ideal combination*. 'Sanatogen' is quickly and surely absorbed into the bloodstream; builds up tired nerves; restores lost vitality. 'Sanatogen' is not a temporary pick-me-up: it is a *food*, and the benefit it gives is progressive and lasting.

'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists in tins, price 12/1½, 6/6 and 2/6½ (Including Tax).

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.



GALA REFILLS—at your service! They fit almost any standard type of case; they are versatile in colour, brilliant in texture . . . one, two or three refills are enough to start a lipstick wardrobe that will give verve and sparkle to coupon clothes. Incidentally, you may occasionally have difficulty in obtaining Gala, but it is well worth while to keep in touch with the shops and snap up a refill whenever you can. There is a Gala Powder, too, at 1/6 the box.



LIPSTICK REFILLS 1/6 inc. Tax

THE LIVELIEST LIPSTICK IN TOWN

LONDON
OCTOBER 22, 1941

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price :
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXII. No. 2104



Lady Diana Tiarks : M.T.C. Dispatch Rider

Harlip

Lady Diana Tiarks is the younger daughter of the late Earl of Winchilsea and sister of the present Earl. She married in 1938 Mr. Peter Frank Tiarks, of Westcote Manor, Edgehill, Warwickshire, as his second wife, and they have two daughters. Mr. Tiarks, who is in the Royal Artillery, is a son of Mr. F. C. Tiarks, a Director of the Bank of England. Lady Diana's elder sister, Lady Daphne Straight, is the wife of Wing Commander Whitney Straight, M.C., who was shot down while flying a Hurricane over the Channel, and is believed to have made a forced landing in France



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Russians Mighty Pleased

LORD BEAVERBROOK has always lived a full and active life. Years pass but his energy remains undiminished. Many find it astonishing. He's always managed to get near the centre of things, either in finance or politics, in newspapers or industry. In the last war we have his word for it that he was a power behind the scenes. In this war—twenty odd years later—we know that he's the other dynamo in the War Cabinet. But in his wildest dreams I'm sure that Lord Beaverbrook never saw himself sitting at Stalin's right hand in the Kremlin, exchanging toasts. Nor do I suppose that Stalin—student that he is of men of all nations—ever imagined that such a thing might come to pass. Low, the highly paid leftist cartoonist of Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*, might have had a hunch about it one day in the quietness of his studio. Be that as it may, we have Lord Beaverbrook's authority for saying: "I can tell you that the Russians are mighty pleased with me."

Cabinet Changes Coming

SOME time ago Lord Beaverbrook was asked about the future leadership of the Conservative Party, and in his usual puckish way he said: "You can put me down for that." There are rumours round the House of Commons and the clubs at this moment about coming changes in the Government. Some of the speculations concern Lord Beaverbrook's future. His admirers think that he ought to have more power; and they point to the businesslike handling of the Moscow Supply Conference. It certainly went as well as any stage-managed show.

There are other suggestions that Mr. Churchill may have to change some of the faces in his Government to please Stalin. These are left-wing arguments. They are given in answer to complaints that the Soviet Government has in the past withheld its full confidence in the matter of plans and possibilities. The left-wingers retort that we cannot expect—even as Allies—to be told everything after such an outburst of frankness as that of Colonel Moore-Brabazon, the Minister of Aircraft Production. They want to see a lot of changes in the Government, including the disappearance of some leading Labour figures.

Russian Hysteria

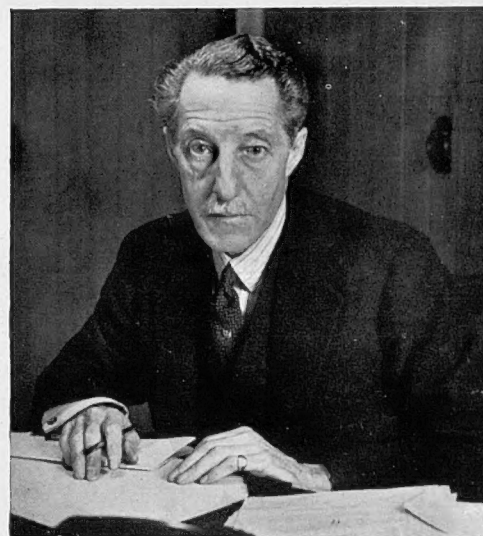
IN his latest broadcast to the nation Lord Beaverbrook punched his desk with the fervour of a preacher. He was doing more than telling the story of the quick-fire conference in Moscow; he was averting a political situation which confronted the Prime Minister at that time, and still does. Aid for Russia has become the touchstone of British politics for the time being. Normally sober-minded people have been demanding more and more help for Russia. The wave of agitation—I prefer to call it hysteria—has been sweeping the country. Telegrams have been sent to the Prime Minister by workers and students. Such emotion can be dangerous. It is apt to envelop political parties, disregard practical considerations and deny logic. It is an Idea. The impression of Russia's great struggle has

sunk deeply. But even though the future is more important than the past, and remembering that our future must be bound up in some way with the result of Russia's resistance, we can learn a good, useful lesson from the Russians. They are realists.

Second Front Demanded

THE British Government has immediately responded to Russia's first cry for help. Supplies of all kinds were dispatched at once. I am told that the quantities sent in the first batches would surprise most people. The flow from this country of supplies for Russia has not stopped. But now the Government are asked to do something more. They are asked to open a second front on the Continent and distract Hitler's attention. This demand assumes a lot. It assumes that Hitler, who has demonstrated his great sense of concentration, would be distracted by a landing of British troops, say in France. Hitler is so deeply committed in Russia that I doubt whether he would bother to avert his eyes from Moscow for a moment. He is in sight of a great prize for which he is gambling heavily. How heavily we cannot know. Hitler may argue that if he beats the Russians now he can easily regain anything we take from him in France.

Clearly Mr. Churchill is of opinion that no useful purpose would be served by landing what might be nothing more than a token force in France. This was obvious from his



Governor of Southern Rhodesia

Lord Huntingfield, who succeeds Sir Herbert Stanley as Governor of Southern Rhodesia, was Governor of Victoria in 1934-1939, and acting Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia in 1938. He succeeded his uncle as the Fifth Baron Huntingfield in 1915

manner in refusing to agree to a debate in the House of Commons on the Russian position. But let me say again, emotional ideas can be politically dangerous. So let us hope that the Prime Minister does not find himself compelled to undertake an expedition on the Continent for the sake of political expediency. Let us be realists.

Whitehall Weddings

AFTER the marriage of Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, we have the engagement of Sir John Anderson, Lord President of the Council, who is soon to be temporary Deputy Prime Minister. Sir John is to marry the widow of Mr. Ralph Wigram, who was head of the Central Department of the Foreign Office. During his brilliant career—which included a period as First Secretary of the British Embassy in Paris—Mr. Wigram never deluded himself about the Nazi menace. He constantly reiterated his warnings to his chiefs in those early days. He died in 1936.

Sir John Anderson will take over the leadership of the House of Commons when Mr. Clement Attlee goes to the United States. The Lord Privy Seal, who ranks as Deputy Prime Minister, is going to be Britain's official representative at the International Labour Conference. As a young civil servant, Sir John Anderson used to sit in the officials' gallery of the House of Commons. Since then he has filled many important administrative posts at home and abroad. Now, there are many politicians who regard him as a future Prime Minister. He is fifty-nine.

Angry Members of Parliament

MR. JOHN MCGOVERN is a sturdily built Scotsman with a broad accent and a slight limp. He is the Independent Labour Member for the Shettleston district of Glasgow. Independence is probably his strongest trait. Before the war he cycled over many parts of Europe trying to discover facts for himself. He has been bitter in his repeated criticisms of the Communists—although he is classed as a Clydeside extremist—and opposed the declaration of war. He wanted to go to Northern Ireland, and applied for the necessary permission. His application was refused. In the House of Commons it was stated on behalf of the Home Secretary that travelling restrictions



A Posthumous George Cross

Lady Suffolk, with her two sons, the present Earl of Suffolk and the Hon. Patrick Howard, and her brother-in-law, the Hon. Greville Howard, R.N.V.R., went to receive the George Cross awarded to her husband, the late Lord Suffolk, for conspicuous bravery in connexion with bomb disposal, as a result of which he was killed

to certain parts of the British Isles apply to Members of Parliament in the same way as they do to the general public. Permission could only be granted if the object of travel was of national importance. Die-hard Conservatives, Liberals, Labour and Independents blazed into anger when they heard this answer. More will be heard of their annoyance, for they believe that Members of Parliament should have their privileges even in these days.

Back in the News

LEANING heavily on an ash stick, Lord Baldwin of Bewdley, former Conservative leader and Prime Minister, made one of his rare public appearances the other day. Apart from recurring arthritis Lord Baldwin enjoys quite good health and has lost none of his philosophic calm and sudden wit. In the early days of the war he occasionally appeared in the House of Lords, and sometimes in the Peers Gallery of the House of Commons, but his visits to London from Worcestershire have become rarer. He is now living the country life for which he sighed so much in many of his after-dinner speeches. But this does not mean that he has lost touch with politics. I am told that he is keenly interested in all that is happening.

Travelling Statesman

MOST travelled of leading Russian statesmen is M. Maxim Litvinoff. There is every possibility that he will soon be in London to return the visit of Lord Beaverbrook to Moscow. As Commissar for Foreign Affairs, M. Litvinoff appeared regularly at Geneva and in most of Europe's capitals from time to time. He was an ardent believer in collective security and became quite a figure at Geneva. But when M. Stalin switched Soviet policy, and began to turn his back on the League of Nations and look to Berlin M. Litvinoff had to take a back seat. M. Molotoff succeeded him as Foreign Commissar, and for a time it seemed that M. Litvinoff was in disgrace. All sorts of rumours were raised from time to time about his fate. Now he is back in office, one cannot help pondering on what a difference there might have been if M. Litvinoff's policy had been followed to its logical conclusion.

Russia might have stood with Britain and France against Germany, and there would have been two fronts from the beginning of the war!

Is it Propaganda?

FROM time to time we hear reports of quarrels between the Nazi bosses. Hitler is defying his generals. Goering is out of favour with Hitler because he's supposed to be plotting with the army against the Nazis. Ribbentrop is in disgrace because of his inordinate ambition. Every week there is some story to confuse world opinion. The latest is that Field-Marshal Goering is under arrest by Hitler's orders. But no sooner does the report reach headlines of British and American newspapers than it is announced by either the German or the Italian official news agency that the Field-Marshal has been in conference at his Eastern Front headquarters with General Pricolo, the Italian Under-Secretary for Air. In the circumstances it seems that it is wisest to assume that this is all part of Goebbels' propaganda service.

Italians Want Peace

THE situation in Italy appears more clear-cut. Mussolini's mastery has disappeared, and reliable reports assert that he is taking less interest in his responsibilities as his problems pile up. As the plight of his people gets worse, faith in the Italian Royal House declines. There is increasing poverty and consequently greater desire for peace. Although Hitler's Gestapo are everywhere, later reports indicate that they have not the backing of German military forces that was at first supposed.

In these circumstances, the conviction grows that Italy could be induced to make a separate peace. But at the moment she is lacking a leader with the necessary backing for such a step, and Hitler is so much aware of the possibility that he is encouraging the Fascist regime to move the bulk of the Italian Army out of the country against the likelihood of a popular rising.

Military Reports from Washington

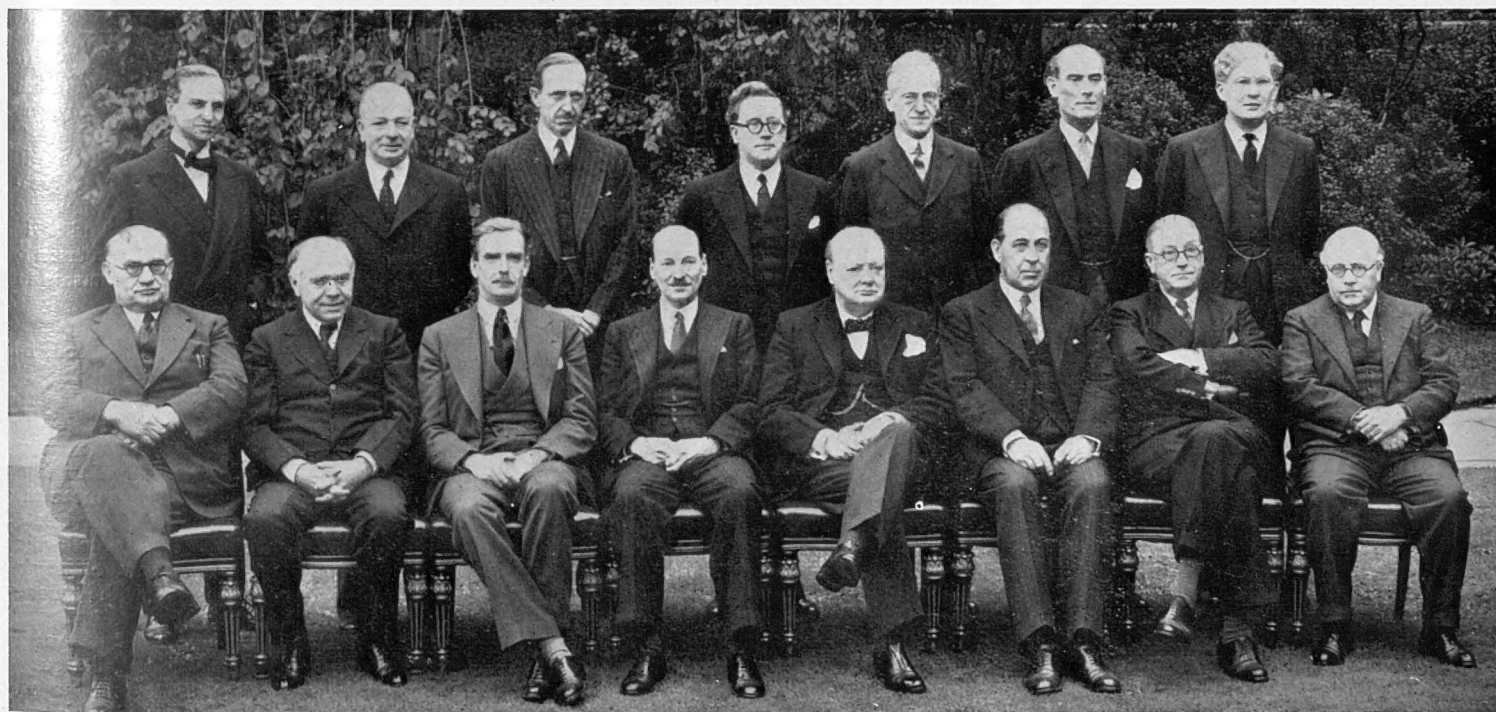
REPORTS from the United States show that the American Army is going through the

same teething troubles which we have experienced here. Not the least of these lies in the fact that in America, as in Britain, the soldiers who are going to fight in the armoured columns are still obliged to take whatever type of tank the Ordnance Department sees fit to dish out to them. On the other hand the training of men by all the most modern scientific methods seems to have been carried to a really remarkable state of efficiency at Fort Knox. Being fundamentally opposed to the idea of sending an expeditionary force overseas, American military training is probably based too much on lessons learned in the Civil War, and not enough on experience gained in the more recent European campaigns. There is, too, an officer difficulty, for until recently the army has not been a profession which attracted young men of the "officer class." It results that the majority of the officers now trying to bring on a new American conscript army are too old.

Since the British Army in the present war has not so far been able to point to many outstanding successes, the American soldier tends to resent any attempt by the British soldier to lay down the law. On the other hand, thinking in terms of hemispherical defence, the American can light-heartedly talk about expeditions to Iceland, the Azores or Dakar, without a full appreciation of the amount of shipping which would be required, both to transport the troops and to maintain a line of sea supply. Such matters, in the nature of things, form part of the automatic thought of the British staff officer.

It is good to hear from Washington that these differences of outlook are now yielding pleasantly to a co-operative spirit on both sides. Little by little Americans are seeking out members of the British Military Mission and drawing them into conversation.

We are fortunate in having in Washington a first-rate Military Attaché in Major-General "Paddy" Beaumont-Nesbitt, who was Director of Military Intelligence at the War Office during the first part of the war and a previous M.A. in Paris. He has a quick understanding of human nature, and one gathers that he is hitting it off very well with soldiers and military correspondents alike in Washington.



The War Cabinet and Ministers who Regularly Attend

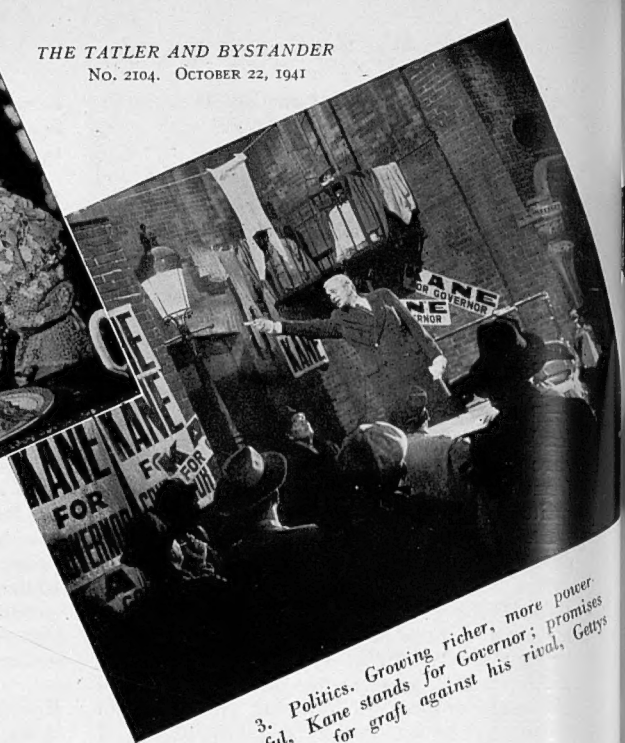
Front row: Mr. Ernest Bevin, Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Anthony Eden, Major C. R. Attlee, the Prime Minister, Sir John Anderson, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Sir Kingsley Wood. Back row: Sir Archibald Sinclair, Mr. A. V. Alexander, Lord Cranbourne, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord Moyne, Captain Margesson, Mr. Brendan Bracken



1. Young Kane, humbly born, inherits a fortune, runs his own paper, dominates journalism



2. He marries Emily Norton (Ruth Warick), President's niece, attacks him in his Press. The marriage fails



3. Politics. Growing richer, more powerful, Kane stands for Governor; promises action for graft against his rival, Gettys

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

"Citizen Kane"

ONE of the disadvantages of all kinds of criticism, including that of the film, is that the better it is the greater the probability that it will lead you up the garden. I practically never read the film criticisms in the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* until after I have seen the films for myself, the reason being that our Sunday writers are good critics who criticise and not bad critics who merely report. And then, when I do read my colleagues I find that one of two things happens. Either I like a film which they haven't liked, meaning that I see something in it which they missed. This gives me a feeling of superiority that I know to be unjustified. Or they have enormously liked something which I find dull. Which is humiliating.

LAST week I yielded to temptation in the matter of *Citizen Kane*. Miss Lejeune wrote that this picture was "Probably the most exciting film that has come out of Hollywood for twenty-five years. I am not at all sure that it isn't the most exciting film that ever came out of anywhere." Miss Powell called *Citizen Kane* one of the most remarkable films of this and many a year, talked of Charles Foster Kane as a "colossus of a man," and added "This is an adult film, technically and psychologically adult, recognising the ultimate obscurity in which every human life moves; one of the few, the very few films to present not an abstraction, but a man."

IMAGINE my horror, which includes self-distrust, in seeing no more in this film than the well-intentioned, muddled, amateurish thing one expects from highbrows, and Mr. Orson Welles's height of brow is colossal. As for Kane, I could see nothing of Miss Powell's "colossus," perhaps because my brilliant colleague's views as to what constitutes a colossus are not mine. My colleague will agree that to be the owner of a chain of drug stores

ten thousand links long, with each link represented by a city and the whole stretching from Hollywood to San Francisco, does not make a man a colossus. I see no difference when the drug stores are newspapers having the greatest circulation in the solar system. It depends what he does with them, and Kane did nothing with his newspapers except to increase the vulgarity of an already vulgar world.

There was a point when I thought the film was going to mean something. This was when it showed Kane as a *commencing* colossus pitting the sincerity and honesty of his little paper, the *Inquirer*, against the dishonest might of the wholly commercial press. It is true that the chivalry here was more apparent than actual, since Kane's private fortune was big enough to permit the paper to lose a million dollars a year and keep running for sixty years. And then Kane became like his rival newspaper proprietors, only more so. Here, then, was the problem which I hoped the picture was going to solve: what brought a man shaping for greatness to the splurgy, self-advertising littleness of your bogus Great Man?

BUT it seemed that Mr. Welles had other fish to fry. Cutting the knot of my little problem by making Kane take over the vulgarian staff of a vulgarian and rival paper, whose staff ran things, including Kane, their way—I wonder what would have happened to a lot of sub-editors, reporters, critics and other rubbish who tried to run a real colossus like the late C. P. Scott, and mould the *Manchester Guardian* to their views in opposition to his!—hastily cutting my little knot Mr. Welles let himself go on the great mystery of "Rosebud."

Rosebud was the last word uttered by Kane on his deathbed, and the picture showed us all the Kane-ites setting out to discover what the dying man had meant. Was Rosebud an early sweetheart, a late mistress, or even a

slow race horse? The film suggested that if we could discover the significance behind the word we should have the clue to the enigma of Kane's grandiosity. Personally, apart from the hastily shelved problem alluded to above, I found no need for any explanation. I take Kane to be only one more example of the man whose mind is too vulgar to support the shock of unlimited power and riches, and as such about as enigmatic as a pikestaff. Anyhow, the chase was on, and, to be fair, a lot of it was fun, both visual and aural.

IN the end the film spilled the beans. Rosebud was the name of the sledge taken away from young Kane when he was sent to school in the great world. Which deprivation became a Freudian complex accountable for Kane's mania for acquiring things, pleasure domes like Kubla Khan's, statues without heads, operatic wives without voices. And then I remembered what I had forgotten—that early symbolic shot showing a sledge covered with a pall of snow and hinting at a coffin.

Now a lowbrow director would never have let me forget this. Nor, I think, would he have bothered with Mr. Welles's mystery. Instead he would have engaged Edward G. Robinson to play Kane, and carried on with a straightforward story of cheapening greatness, punctuating it every twenty minutes or so with a vision of dear little Rosebud and a dear little boy parking his dear little person on it. And that, my long-suffering readers, in my poor view, is the right way.

I THOUGHT the photography quite good, but nothing to write to Moscow about, the acting middling, and the whole thing a little dull. What about the "message" of the picture? But surely the notion that vulgar minds express themselves in terms of triviality is merely belated Balzac. Does this mean that the film is catching up? Well, better belated than never. It was possibly the belated which elated my colleagues. They are not of Balzac's day; I am. Whoever has lived with Nucingen will find Kane very small beer.

Unless . . . Here a belated but swagger thought strikes me. Was Mr. Welles out to show a vulgarian not wholly vulgar, but possessed of enough mind to realise his own tragedy? Then why not get hold of a director sufficiently lowbrowed to put this over? Mr. Welles's highbrow direction is of that super-clever order which prevents you from seeing what that which is being directed is all about.



4. Domestic crisis. (Dorothy Collins) and Kane's wife, Gettys (Ray Collins), in "Love Nest".



5. Scandal brings defeat at the polls. His paper tries to explain it away.

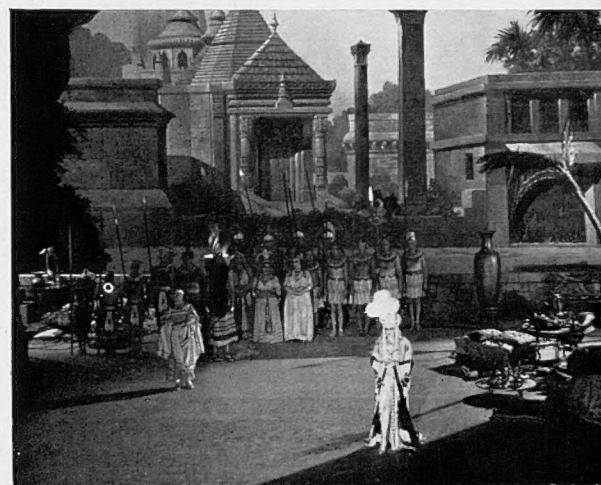
"Citizen Kane"

Magnate into Monster: Fifty Crowded Years of Wasted Life



Orson Welles as Citizen Kane

6. Divorced, Kane marries his pretty singer, spends nearly a million on building her an opera house. Susan stars in a lavish show, but her voice is no good. She flops. Kane leaves the theatre, goes to his newspaper office. The dramatic critic, his best friend, sits dead drunk over his caustic, half-written notice. Kane cynically completes it



Twice planned, twice scrapped, then "barred" by Hearst who thought that John Kane was too near a reflection of himself, the R-K-O picture Citizen Kane has had a stormy passage. The dynamic Orson Welles, stage and radio showman, wrote, produced, directed and acted the name part

7. Susan's career is over. She attempts suicide. They retire to Xanadu Castle built at fabulous expense, "filled with the loot of the world." Jig-saw puzzles are her only amusement. Susan leaves him. Kane wrecks her bedroom, becomes a recluse. Susan takes to drink



8. Epilogue. Kane dies at seventy-five. A news-reel staff, working among the art treasures, attempt to unravel the mystery behind "Rosebud," the last word to pass his lips



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

The Nutmeg Tree (Lyric)

THE trouble about Julia, as confessed by herself with a sigh more than once in the course of this comedy, was that she was weak. When handsome men wanted to kiss her, she found it difficult to resist them. And having knocked about as a chorus-girl in all sorts of shows, she wasn't very particular as to class, even when it was important that she should hob-nob only with the very best. When first we see her, it is in a bathroom full of furniture, sitting in her bath in her dressing-gown (baths being a ticklish proposition on the stage), keeping the bailiffs out. When next we see her, it is in the bar of an Irish mail boat, armed with *The Forsyte Saga*, emblem of respectability, because she is on her way to visit her very respectable daughter Susan, who has been brought up by a very respectable grandmother, and whom she hasn't seen since babyhood.

But also on board the Irish mail boat are the Gennochios, a troupe of variety acrobats, whose leader, Fred, is so good-looking that what's a kiss, even in a public rendezvous? Which kiss happens to be observed by Sir William Waring, an understanding and indulgent diplomat, and Esme Bellingham, a misunderstanding and mischief-making spinster.

JULIA's daughter, when met, proves to be not only respectable, but prim, priggish and pernicky—an impossible child who expects her mother to be the pink of propriety. And so we behold Miss Yvonne Arnaud, brimming with mother-love, strenuously endeavouring to conform to the standards of the younger

generation, putting her foot in it, getting her foot out of it, and struggling bravely and uncomfortably on.

She hasn't much luck. Sir William, who saw all on board, proves to be an old friend of the family. He, humanely, will keep his mouth shut. But Esme Bellingham, who also proves to be an old friend of the family, won't. And when, to crown all, Fred, the acrobat, intrudes uninvited on the all-too-circumspect scene, accompanied by his forthright free-and-easy ma, the fat is thoroughly in the fire. Julia confesses. The household is horrified. And the daughterly love she has been trying to win turns to unsuppressed revulsion.

I WONDER whether Miss Arnaud has ever had a bad notice for any performance given by her during the past twenty years? Certainly, she has never had one from me, nor will she get one on the present occasion; for her acting in *The Nutmeg Tree* is as near perfection as makes no difference. She doesn't take a false step or make a false squeak from the first scene to the last. It is in this last scene that her art reaches its highest point. The situation is, theatrically, conventional enough. The acrobat has cooled. The daughter has frozen. Julia herself is in disgrace. And the one man she really admires, the one man she really



Richard Carr captivates susceptible Yvonne Arnaud en route for Ireland

loves, the diplomatic Sir William, is so high above her that marriage with him never enters her head. It does, however, enter his. The duologue between them with which Miss Margery Sharp's play concludes could not be more exquisitely rendered, leaving one, at the same time, a little unhappy that an actress of such fine sensibilities and such flawless execution should so often be confronted with the task of converting the artificial into the real.

What Miss Arnaud has lacked all through her career is a playwright with a vision extending beyond the horizon of the West End. *The Nutmeg Tree*, once again, is pure Shaftesbury Avenue.

THE company as a whole is full of efficiency. Winifred Oughton as a lady's maid. Una Venning as a vixen. Helen Haye as a genteel grandmother. Robert Andrews as a poor fish of a lover. Richard Carr as a variety pro. Frederick Leister—the Fred Kerr of the 'forties—excellent as the diplomat. Meg Titheradge (a new Titheradge to me) interestingly self-sufficient and self-contained as the irritating daughter. Naomi Jacob (in person) as the variety pro's mama. Maire O'Neill—worthy to rank with Miss Arnaud—in yet another minute part as yet another Irish servant. And, to turn somersaults, the Balatons as the Gennochios, joyfully applauded. A somersault in legitimate is worth two on the music-hall.



Entertainment of Frederick Leister, Una Venning and Helen Haye by Naomi Jacob, in the chair



Sketches by Tom Titt

Irish domestic scene with Winifred Oughton, Maire O'Neill, Meg Titheradge and Robert Andrews

"Night on the Bare Mountain"

The Ballet from "Sorotchintsi Fair," the Russian Comic Opera at the Savoy

Mussorgski's comic opera, *Sorotchintsi Fair*, which is having such a successful run at the Savoy Theatre, is to go on tour at the end of this week. The simple and humorous story of Ukrainian peasant life, George Kirsta's vivid costumes and decor, combined with the excellent singing of Oda Slobodskaya, Parry Jones and Kiriloff, to the accompaniment of the London Symphony Orchestra, make it an enchanting performance



Diana Gould figures in Tcherevick's bad dream as the Venus of the Inferno

Below: the Drowned Maiden (Irina Vinogradova) discovers the Venus of the Inferno (Diana Gould); with them is the Popovitch (Tom Linden)

The Young Cossack (Lou Van Yck) and the "Khivria" witch (Lisa Brionda) dance together in Tcherevick's nightmare, "Night on the Bare Mountain"



The fight between the "Khivria" witch and the Venus of the Inferno is watched by the Red Coat Devil (John Regan)

The ballet, *Night on the Bare Mountain*, in Act 3 of *Sorotchintsi Fair*, is introduced in the form of a dream. Tcherevick, the Ukrainian peasant with a marriageable daughter, who is haunted by the legend of a "pig-faced Devil," falls asleep, and in his dreams the object of his fears appears with his companions from the Infernal Regions. They disport themselves till day breaks, when peace again reigns in the Ukrainian countryside. With the morning courage returns to Tcherevick, and he is able, despite his wife, Khivria's, opposition, to marry his daughter to Gritsko, the gypsy whom she loves. The crowd then dances the Gopak, a Ukrainian folk-dance. Diana Gould, premiere danseuse in the ballet, is the Venus of the Inferno, and John Regan gives a fantastic performance as the Red Coat Devil. The other dancers are Tom Linden, Lou Van Yck, Lisa Brionda, Irina Vinogradova, and Nadya Radovitz, with a complement of witches and devils from the Underworld

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Lunch Hour

C LARIDGE'S is very popular at lunch time—the entrance is almost like a railway station at holiday time, with people dashing in, looking at the clock, shouldering about looking for other people, demanding change for taxis, saying, "Oh, there you are—There's just time—" (For a drink before the train leaves.) And in the drinks department, where the band is, the tables are either full or saying "Engaged," with their engagers' names—including Sir Thomas Cook's on the biggest the other day—to make the whole thing more real.

Among the harassed gang of travellers were Lady Ravensdale, in a red hat—she finally settled down in the restaurant with Robert Montgomery and Lord Rosslyn—Mrs. Charles Sweeny, refusing to be ruffled or trodden under foot, and wearing a hat like an exotic snail; Lord Derby, Lord Rosebery, Lord Wigram, Lord Buchan,



Captain C. Feilden and Miss Baring

The Bishop of St. Albans officiated at the wedding of Captain Cecil Feilden and Miss Olivia Baring, which took place on October 11th at St. Mary's, Kingsworthy, near Winchester. Captain Feilden is the younger son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Feilden, and his wife is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Guy Baring and the Hon. Mrs. Baring, of Empshott Grange, Liss, Hants.

Mrs. Robert Laycock, just making it, without a hat and in black and red; Lady Cadogan, Mrs. John Dewar, and the Marquis de Arago.

Coventry Concert

MRS. E. W. H. COOKE, the wife of the Managing Director of Daimler, and an active member of the B.S.A. Parent Board, works energetically for the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital.

A successful date lately was the Piano-forte Recital given by Solomon at the New Hippodrome, Coventry. He went up specially from London, and the Hippodrome, which holds two thousand people, was filled with an appreciative audience.

The result was over £400 to be handed to the hospital authorities, thanks to Solomon's generosity in appearing, and the loan of the Hippodrome by Mr. S. H. Newsome.

Corps Diplomatique Interviews Press

MADAME SIMOPOULOS had to interview the Press on behalf of her new fund, which is to supply food and comforts for Greek prisoners of war. The eager news-hunters assembled in the morning, pencil-points quivering for information, in a lovely big room at the Legation, decorated with things like white imitation cape gooseberries, pictures of Greece, photographs of important people, and big brocade curtains.

The hostess patiently explained her scheme—which is to get money, not goods, for the purchase of what is wanted, to be distributed by the International Red Cross in Geneva. Madame Simopoulos has already received many letters of encouragement and admiration, although the fund was only started on the first of October, and she mentioned previous funds launched by herself, to which contributions came from all over the world, and such touching things as the contents of children's money-boxes rolled in.

It is very sad about all the Greek prisoners, who fought so gallantly in our cause. Many, too badly wounded to be moved from Greece, are wandering about the streets there, having been turned out of the hospitals by the Nazis. Contributions should be sent to the Greek Embassy.

Empire Mothers

MRS. GOWER has started the Empire Mothers Fund, which is a scheme for the mothers of Great Britain and the Empire to unite and have their own fund to establish scholarships for the sons and daughters of the R.A.F. Originally it was meant to give aircraft to the nation, but now this more lasting scholarship scheme has been decided on, and Mrs. Gower, who made a name in the last war with her Royal Munster Fusiliers Prisoners of War Fund, is working hard to get it going. She is chairman, Lady Henniker-Heaton vice-chairman, Lady Diana Duff Cooper, the Lady Mayoress of London, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady St. Davids, and Violet, Lady Melchett are patrons.

There is to be an At Home at the Dorchester on Wednesday, the 22nd,



Lady Patricia French

Lenarc

Lady Patricia French is to marry Mr. Henry E. R. Kingsbury, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kingsbury, formerly of Chewton House, near Bath. Lady Patricia is the only daughter of the Earl of Ypres, of the Old Court House, Hampton Court, and the late Countess of Ypres, and is a grand-daughter of the late Field-Marshal Lord Ypres. Her father announced his engagement to Miss Violet Irvine in August this year

beginning at 2.30 and including tea—anyone interested can get a card at the door and go in for 10s. 6d.

Film Premiere

MR. OSCAR DEUTSCH gave an enormous lunch to a great many people before the World Premiere of *49th Parallel*. Mr. Vincent Massey was guest of honour and made a speech; so did Mr. Deutsch himself, Mr. Michael Powell, who directed and produced the film, and Mr. Frank Owen.

Among the interesting guests were Lord Winterton, Mr. H. G. Wells, Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, Mr. and Mrs. John Sutro, Air Marshal Sir Sholto and Lady Sholto Douglas, Lord Donegall, Lord Duncannon, Lord Greenwood, Colonel Lord Nathan of Churt and Lady Nathan, and Mr. Anton Walbrook and Mr. Eric Portman among the actors in the film.

This is really a great achievement for British films: good entertainment and good propaganda, splendidly acted and directed. Mostly shot in Canada, which photographs beautifully.

Among people seen at the premiere were Miss Barbara Mullen, Miss Aimée Stuart, the playwright, with Mr. Gordon Glennan, and Mr. Derrick de Marney.

Reception

THE Duchess of Kent, with Lady Herbert, went to the reception for Allied officers given by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League. Mrs. Winston Churchill was there too, and the guests were received by Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas.

Others who went were the Chinese Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Draxel Biddle, the Archduke Robert of Austria, the Lord Privy Seal, Lord Marchwood, Lord Sempill, Lord Snell, Lord Clanwilliam, Lady Willington, Lady George Cholmondeley, Lady Helen Nutting, Miss Pauline Gower, and masses of M.P.s and people besides the officers for whom the party was given.

These parties are certainly a very good way of introducing the Allies to people of the moment in London.



Miss Rosamond Daisy Fellowes *Harlip*

Miss Rosamond Daisy Fellowes, only child of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Fellowes, of 19, rue St. James, Neuilly, France, has announced her engagement to Lieut. James Gladstone, the King's Own Scottish Borderers. He is the younger son of Sir Hugh and Lady Gladstone, of Capenoch, Dumfriesshire. Miss Fellowes' mother is a daughter of the late Duc de Decazes, and was formerly the widow of Prince Jean de Broglie.

People About

ANOTHER day the Duchess of Kent was in the Savoy, visiting Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie. She was dressed in black, with a touch of white at the throat, a flat boater of shiny plaited straw, and suede shoes with wedge heels.

People dining there lately included Sir Charles Portal, Lady Cambridge, Evelyn Laye and her husband, Frank Lawton, now in the Army, Air Marshal Joubert, Lady Dudley, and General Dill, who lately married Mrs. Furlong, widow of Brigadier

Denis Furlong, D.S.O., who was killed in action last year.

At a small private lunch given by Lady Cadogan there were the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg and her husband, Mr. Anthony Eden, the Brazilian Ambassador, Lady Ward, and Lady Cynthia Colville.

A gay young woman much about is Countess Mankowska, known as "Tishy," and a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge, now in London. She was a Jamieson before marrying her Polish husband.

Repertory at Henley

MISS MIKI HOOD is busily acting at the repertory theatre at Henley, where she has been playing Emmy, the Welsh murderess, in Max Catto's *They Walk Alone*. A Welsh sergeant-major in the audience passed her accent as perfect, and she was given a great reception from an audience which included Lord and Lady Darnley. She has just signed a six months' contract, and is to go on to *Black Limelight*.

Sidney Foster, the proprietor of the theatre, has been in the business for over thirty-five years, and he presented Fred Astaire and Claire Luce in *Gay Divorce*. His wife was Ethel Bancroft, a George Edwardes beauty. To save his audiences unnecessary suffering, he has had printed on the programmes, in heavy type, "Children in arms, one guinea." There was a laugh when a hefty A.T.S. sergeant produced a guinea at the box office, carrying her latest recruit in her arms.

Here and There

MRS. EION MERRY was in London for the day, with her mother, Mrs. Arthur Crichton. They are living in Gloucestershire, at the Merrys' house, Lucknam Park: he is abroad with his regiment. Among the khaki in circulation lately there were Sir John Child and Major Archie Campbell, with his big black chow—he was having a drink at Mrs. Anita Bodley's cute flat in Knightsbridge. Mr. Dick

Cleland, in the R.A.F.V.R., was there too, Miss Sheila Hennessy, and Mrs. Eloui—also known as Lee Miller. She is American, and was wearing model handcuff bracelets made of gold and a brooch like an arm, the hand clutching at the neck of her dress. Lord Selsdon, in the "wavy navy," was out dancing: so was Lady Catherine Willoughby.

Still People

AMONG those who went to the Belgian-Dutch football match were Captain Jumbo Joliffe, and Mrs. Tom Pomeroy, who was Miss Nancy Pennoyer. Her husband is in India, and her American mother, Mrs. Bruguere, is in California.

Miss Bettie Greenish was out dancing, in a long black dress, flecked with gold on the shoulders: Mr. and Mrs. Leo Seymour were in London together for the day—she is living in Hertfordshire with her baby while soldiering switches him from pillar to post.

Mr. Robin Fyfe is now at Chelsea Barracks, and his wife and baby are in Devonshire, but she is soon coming up to join him. She was Elizabeth Campbell, and was on the stage before she married; he worked for the British Council before the war.

Daphne Barker is recovering from an operation, and was brought celebration presents by her husband—two oranges, and a contract for them both for the coming George Black show, *Take a Load of This*.

Coffee Party

A NEW sort of party was got up in Colchester, in aid of the League of Mercy fund in support of the hospital. Mrs. W. Harrison was organiser, and it was sponsored by Lady Worthington-Evans, Lady President of the Colchester branch of the League. Sir Hugh Walmsley was President, and each guest brought a gift, so that the tables were soon covered with all sorts of things, and at the end of the morning Mrs. Harrison handed £71 to the secretary and treasurer, Mrs. James Paxman.



Mr. Martin de Hosszu and Lady Diana Gibb

Mr. Martin de Hosszu and Lady Diana Gibb, of Tilsforth Manor, Leighton Buzzard, Beds., who announced their engagement last spring, were married a fortnight ago at Chelsea register office. He is a Hungarian artist who has lived here for some time, and had a picture in the 1941 Academy. She is the youngest sister of the Earl of Lovelace, and divorced her first husband, Mr. Alistair Gibb, last year.



Sir David Cunynghame and the Hon. Pamela Stanley

Pilot Officer Sir David Cunynghame, Bt., R.A.F.V.R., of Milnecraig, and the Hon. Pamela Stanley had a country wedding at Nether Alderley, Cheshire. He succeeded his father, the late Lieut.-Colonel Sir Percy Cunynghame, as eleventh baronet in January. She is the second of the three sisters of Lord Stanley of Alderley, has been on the stage for ten years and made her biggest success as Queen Victoria in "Victoria Regina," now works at the Chelsea V.A.D. depot.



A Library on Wheels for the Troops

A mobile library was presented by the Mansfield (Notts.) Brewery Company to the Y.M.C.A. for the use of members of the Forces in isolated parts of the country. The Duchess of Portland, on the right, President of the North Midland Divisional Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary, received the presentation, and Miss Cicely Courtneidge, on the left, declared the library open



Johnson, Oxford

Visiting a Factory

The Hon. Mrs. Quintin Hogg visited a factory in the Home Counties and had a laugh with some of the girls working there. Her husband is the National-Conservative Member for Oxford City, and the elder son of Lord Hailsham. Mrs. Hogg was, before her marriage, Natalie Sullivan, daughter of Mr. Allan Sullivan



People Here and There

Left: Mr. John Chandos and Lady Caroline Paget, Lord Anglesey's eldest daughter, were at the lunch given at Claridge's before the world premiere of "49th Parallel," the great British film about Canada

Below: Lord Marchwood and Lady Scarsdale arrived together for the opening performance of "49th Parallel" at the Odeon, Leicester Square. The High Commissioner for Canada, the Hon. Vincent Massey, was a speaker at the luncheon before the show. His brother, Raymond Massey, plays a leading part in the film



Holloway, Northampton

An Hour With the Children

Lady Revelstoke takes a short time off from her Red Cross work to spend with her two little boys, John and James, who are living with their grandparents, Lord and Lady Hesketh, in Northamptonshire. Lady Revelstoke was before her marriage the Hon. Florence Fermor-Hesketh





Russell, Dingwall

A Day With the A.T.S.

Lady Tarbat talked with Miss Kenyon-Slaney on the occasion of the inspection by the Princess Royal of the A.T.S. Clerks' School at Strathpeffer. The Princess Royal is Controller Commandant of the A.T.S., and Miss Kenyon-Slaney is her Lady-in-Waiting. Lord Tarbat is a prisoner of war



In London

Lady Strathallan was photographed in London the other day with Lady Beatty. They are both Americans who are energetic welfare workers for the war. Lady Strathallan is a daughter of Mr. Reginald Fincke, of New York, and Lady Beatty, who was formerly Mrs. Sands, is the daughter of Mr. T. S. Power, of Virginia, U.S.A.



Mrs. Leaf, Mrs. Prior-Palmer and Mrs. Stanley Clarke were recently seen together in London. Mrs. Prior-Palmer is the wife of Lt.-Col. Erroll Prior-Palmer, 9th Lancers, who commands a battalion of the Derbyshire Yeomanry. She is in the M.T.C.



Washing Up the Tea-Cups

Mrs. C. R. Atlee, wife of the Lord Privy Seal, does some washing up while on duty with the Y.M.C.A. She drives a tea-car to troops at gun-sites and searchlight posts



Right: Lady Jean Ramsey arranges one of the latest models in new hats which are to be issued to women officers in the Red Cross. Her victim is Miss Mary House. Lady Jean Ramsey is the sister of Lord Dalhousie

New Hats for the Red Cross

Below: Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Anthony Eden, wife of the Foreign Secretary, drive Mrs. Ronald Tree's tea-car No. 830. They supply the men of the three Services on the South Coast. They are seen in the photograph with bundles for Britain from America, which they deliver in their car. Mrs. Adams is a refugee from Monte Carlo



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

As an honorary member of the Athenæum, M. Maisky—even now we can't remember his real name—will have the run of one of the finest private libraries in London, composed to a large extent of the writings of distinguished members of this world-famous club, or joint, and containing the complete works of Mr. A. A. Milne and Admiral Noel Coward, presented on election. (Rule 598b.)

After that latter occasion, some licentious hack or other began spreading the story in print that eminent episcopal members of the Athenæum were raising hell, so to speak, with the Librarian, because on procuring and perusing Admiral Coward's *Fallen Angels* they found in that work very little of theological or exegetical interest.

The same furious complaint (added this fribble) was coming from eminent medical and scientific members who had had an eager sock at the old sea-dog's *Hay-Fever*, hoping it would rebut Piflovsky's monograph on Rumbelgütz's examen of Boloni's theory of the infra-recessive rhizotomes (*Int. Med. Sci. Prag. Prog. Rev.*, Dec. 1922, CXLI, Vol. XLIV, ff. 78, App. G, pp. 267-356). This kind of fantastic lying did not deceive serious thinkers.

Slip

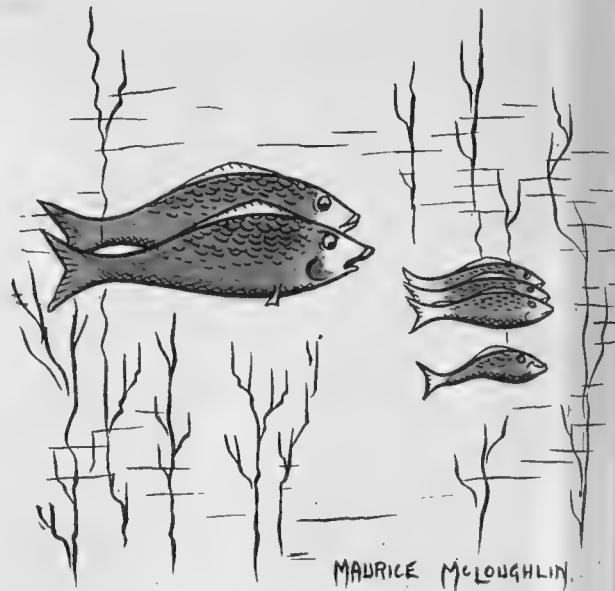
WHETHER M. Maisky prefers the studious seclusion of the Library to the gayer atmosphere of the Long Bar, the Skittle-Alley—tut, tut, there we go again, mixing things. There is of course no Long

Bar at the Athenæum, and no skittle-alley. The ladies in the Ladies' Annexe are not kept in purdah, no half-naked Nubians guard the golden grille with flashing scimitars, and the votive bust on the Grand Staircase is that of Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, not—as some have lewdly alleged—Aphrodite, the cruel one, the rosy-fingered, the sea-borne, the Queen of (Foreign) Love.

Revolt

CENTENARIANS being as wildly jealous as prima-donnas, bullfighters, politicians, showgirls, booksy boys, Harley Street moguls, star actors, Brains Trust aces, and other darlings of the mob, we weren't a bit surprised to find a member of the Centenarians' Club lashing out in the *Times* on the subject of old Mr. Alfred Charles Arnold, who got a lot of publicity the other day for having died at the age of 112 (he said).

So far as we remember the Centenarians' Club spokesman sneeringly put old Mr. Arnold's real age at about sixty-five, if that: a youth, a minor, a stripling, a whipper-snapper, practically, one gathered, a boily boy. It was a supreme chance—all those Turks aged from 189 to 356 whom the cleanly and industrious Reuter keeps digging up in Anatolia and the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar are too far away to check, and one can just imagine the helpless fuming of the C.C. over their evening barleywater—and, if we may



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"I hardly think little Egbert will make the control price, dear"

say so, a pleasing change from the chatter one hears from women discussing their friends in West End cocktail-bars. This chatter was sufficiently epitomised by Lady Bracknell in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, if you remember:

"Thirty-five is a very attractive age. London Society is full of women of the very highest birth who have, of their own free choice, remained thirty-five for years. Lady Dumbleton is an instance in point. To my own knowledge she had been thirty-five ever since she arrived at the age of forty, which was many years ago now."

Reflection

IT has more than once occurred to us that if the Centenarians' Club admitted women members ("103 nothing! My dear, she can't be a day over eighty-nine!"), it would even things up. The Hon. President of the women's branch would naturally be Mistinguett, a girl whose age is a constant topic for loose jests among those who forget that to have sat on Louis XIV's knee is a privilege very few current leaders of Mayfair can boast.

Aubade

HAVING brilliantly reconstructed the other night the tense atmosphere of the Parnell Commission enquiry (1888) and that dramatic finale of the forged Parnell letters sold by the revolting Pigott to the *Times*, the B.B.C. boys must needs go and spoil the whole thing, for us, by a little domestic scene in which Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea addressed each other with almost every breath as "My king" and "My queen." The time was breakfast-time.

Now we know as well as you do that these lovers constantly called each other by those rather terribly blush-making titles, and Mrs. O'Shea herself (a silly little thing) made an issue of it in print years afterwards. But if the illustrious Parnell and his Kitty ever did so the first thing in the morning they must have been made of more superhuman stuff than Abélard and Héloïse.

Women, Heaven knows, are tough enough for anything, but in our shrinking experience very few healthy chaps would be able to address a woman to her face as "My queen" until well after luncheon, and a pretty good luncheon at that. After dinner even a stockbroker can do it. But at breakfast—well, maybe it was such a habit with Parnell



"This is Mr. Rogers; he's a gentleman farmer"



This view of the field in the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket shows Aprille Son leading, only to be overtaken by the consistent Rue de la Paix

The Two Cambridgeshires: Newmarket and The Curragh



Capt. Moore, the King's racing manager, discussed events with Fred Darling at the Newmarket Sales. His Majesty's filly, Sun Chariot, who showed amazing speed when she won the Middle Park Stakes, is proving herself to be the best two-year-old of the season



At the Newmarket October Sales in Cambridgeshire Week

Lady Chesterfield and Mr. Bert Drago were at the Sales, when prices reached 75 per cent. of the best pre-war records; 14,000 guineas was paid for Carpet Slipper, dam of Godiva, a mare formerly owned by the late Lord Furness



Mr. T. F. Blackwell and the Hon. Sheila Digby were amused about something at Newmarket. Miss Digby is the second daughter of Lord Digby of Minterne, Cerne Abbas, Dorset, and she is a sister of Mrs. Randolph Churchill

The Irish Cambridgeshire at The Curragh



Left: General Sir Alexander Godley, who was Governor of Gibraltar in 1928-33, was at the Curragh to see the Irish Cambridgeshire. He sat between the races with Mrs. A. G. Dalgety, wife of Mr. A. G. Dalgety, of Ryevale, Leixlip, Co. Kildare

Right: Two sisters who went racing at the Curragh were Mrs. Gerald Sweetman, who was married recently, and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Mansfield. Mill Boy won the Irish Cambridgeshire for Mrs. M. Dawson



Photographs by Poole, Dublin

Standing By ...

(Continued)

and La O'Shea that they went on in this way quite mechanically.

Antidote

THEY should have stayed a week-end or two with a host we know who used regularly to come down to breakfast on Mondays late, pale, and distraught. Casting one look round the table, muttering, "My God, don't the women look awful this morning!", and shivering slightly, he would then take a long draught of orange-juice, after which he felt better and would compliment each of the fair with old-world vivacity and grace. No place for romantic byplay or flaffa here, egad. Marmalade, my king? Only from your white hands, my queen. Oh, I say, look! Everybody's passed out again!

Scourge

ONE major prediction of Old Moore for 1941 we just remember we forgot to warn you about last January is an influenza epidemic. We have mislaid the Voice of

the Stars and we forget the extent and the date, but if you go to bed now and stay there three months you'll probably dodge it, we imagine.

Another blast from the evil plains of Asia of what our fathers would have called the Manchurian Plague is due before long under the law of cycles, maybe. The last big one swept Europe, as you remember, just after World War I., and the most notable once before that came in January 1892, devastated London, and among other attacks on Imperial objectives nearly messed up Kipling's wedding at All Souls, Langham Place. We are too apt to assume nowadays that all plagues stopped in the seventeenth century or thereabouts. This is the impression sedulously fostered by Harley Street, which is sensitive on the influenza question and resents having its attention distracted, by peevish complaints and cries on this topic, from the more profitable study of rich women's nerves and viscera. Yet an influenza-epidemic is as powerful a scourge as any other plague in history.

Our fathers took it in their stride with the others, however, judging by a charming print we saw the other day of a couple of seventeenth-century citizens attached to the

Public Health Department, L.C.C., disposing of a cartload of victims in a pit by night. They both stolidly smoke clay pipes and might be dustmen on their normal rounds. Even the horse is bored.

Chum

SOMEbody has been mildly asking, apropos this war of machines and transport with a crazy hunger for oil and petrol, where all the mules have got to. Nobody seems to know or care. Everyone who went through World War I. and every traveller in Spain is aware that the mule is unjustly despised by sportsmen of the Island Race, who—as Prof. Osbert Sitwell has observed—jealously adore and cherish the horse and the dog, but seem determined on the extinction of nearly everything else living. Yet the mule has certain attractions, and even charm. One of the most tender and delightful modern animal books is a long prose-poem by the Spanish poet Ramón Jiménez about a much-loved mule named Platero, and those traditional gaily-caparisoned, belled, and pompommed mules which take ace toreros in their carriages to the big Spanish arenas at a smart trot are as proud and pretty a sight as one could see.

It may be that the Race despise the mule because he is socially the product of a *mésalliance*, which seems a nasty side-crack at Debrett. Or it may be that his occasional sweet obstinacy appals them; or it may even be that they fear his long memory, like an elephant's, of which those who recall how the Pope's mule at Avignon remembered to kick the natal stuffing out of the tormenting page Tistet after many years are amply aware.

Solution

WHERE the good mules have got to, we gather from the poet Jiménez, is the Happy Fields, where they roll or stand pensive, kneedeep in rich sweet grass, lucerne, and clover, absently semaphoring with their long, furry ears and thinking, as in life, of a thousand happy things, like a B.B.C. Brains Trust professor browsing in Bedford Square.

Knock

TRILLS of admiring congratulation and ecstasy burst from one of the gossip-boys who saw a wealthy headline beauty in a smart restaurant recently exposing her bare knees in war-economy stockings, with deathless courage and stoic calm.

Tennyson's lines from *A Dream of Fair Women* will at once occur to the thoughtful:

Rich women's knees
Are sweet curiosities,
Their anfractuosities
Starkle and please—
Thus in a valley
The shepherd-boy's song,
And naturally
The lad was wrong,
The hayseed erred,
The young chawbacon
Was too absurd,
And quite mistaken;
The knobliest trees
Are more delightful:
Rich women's knees
Are simply frightful.

On the other hand (to be quite fair) Yeats has remarked, in praise probably of some Old Rodean-and-All-England Rugby half seen stamping by:

She might, so noble from head
To great shapely knees
The long flowing line, etc., etc.

So one hardly knows what to think, even if, as a sahib, one cared to think about women's knees at all.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"What would you charge to press 47 varieties of British fern?"

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“It is an ancient mariner, and he stoppeth one of three”

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Cape Cod, an Enchanted Promontory

IF you are not sure where this letter comes from, open a map of the United States at Massachusetts, and trace that sea-girt, sickle moon, hinged to the mainland by a bridge at Sagamore, its westmost curling tip, marked by the harbour of Provincetown, and you have Cape Cod, colloquially "The Cape," venerable in the New England story, and steeped in native atmosphere by reason of its unique geography and persistent simplicity. The Cape is indeed different.

Haves and Have-Nots

IT has the longest sunsets this side of North Berwick; villages as deeply rooted as in Devon; each little house tucked into a garden like an old lady under a rug; the churches standing out white, freshly painted, their spires or steeples cleaving the great American elms whose shade contributes to a scale of green—the village greens, the evergreen of pines, the shaggy green of long grass waving from sand-dunes, the sour green of crab-apples, each with one rosy cheek, the haphazard green of shutters, and the shagreen of the sea in a mood between azure and rain-grey.

Cape Cod has long since evolved its own architecture. One central chimney, usually with four cowl, rivets the house like a funnel amidships; lovely colonial-style doorways and fanlights distinguish both old houses and copies; the "shingles," used where we would use bricks, are natural wood veined with blue, giving the colour effect of fir-cones. Artists abound, and those who love to go down to the sea in boats. Many stay the year round, more families come habitually for the summer from Boston, from the Middle West, from South Carolina—all seeking an invigorating life close to nature.

The Cape is a serene, long-founded community, not a resort. If there are any upstarts and nouveaux-riches they manage not to stick out like sore thumbs. There are no crooners or night-stands, no phoney business that I can detect. And uniformity is less smugly rampant than elsewhere; the Cape encourages characters—mild eccentrics and die-hards—such as the septuagenarian Bostonian lady met riding a bicycle attired in cream serge from shoulder to ankle, her gold watch on a black ribbon, her neck screened by dotted net and whalebone, her hat just not trimmed with a motoring veil, but only just. "Pure Pulham!" exclaimed my companion, who reads the novels of John P. Marquand, the American Galsworthy. (His *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* and *The Late George Appleby* have been published in England: get them.)

Some Namesake Towns

LISTEN to the names of the villages, the seventeenth-century townships, and picture their effect on one far from home: Sandwich, Barnstable, Yarmouth, Chatham, Truro—furthermore, picture the effect on their conscientious inhabitants on suddenly being linked by practical good deeds with those suffering in English parent towns, places for the most part younger in appearance and less picturesque than their godchildren, who have smilingly overcome such vicissitudes as the savage Indians, the savage English in the War of Independence, divers hurricanes, floods and forest fires, not forgetting the "gingerbread" era of decoration, more hideous if possible than Earl's Court and the Second Empire, at their bevelled best.

The Playhouse at Dennis

THIS institution is one of which Cape Cod-ers are uniformly proud. The first summer theatre in America, it has become a show place, almost a Malvern for those interested in the movement. In the words of its handsome, lanky director, Richard Aldrich (who meant to be a banker): "This is a New York theatre on Cape Cod, with union wages and experts in all departments."

The surroundings, the building (it was a church once, and then a blacksmith's shop), the landscape gardening, the enthusiasm of all concerned, instantly gave the theatre a reputation for charm, confirmed by thirteen seasons of slap-up productions with Broadway and Hollywood stars.

Where Bette Debuted

WHEN the theatre opened in 'twenty-seven, Bette Davis, just out of school, worked as an usher, and Basil Rathbone held the stage. A year later, the foremost tragedienne of the talkies was walking on, with Robert Montgomery, while Peggy Wood played leads.

Henry Fonda, Anne Baxter (about to make a picture with Philip Merivale), Grace George (America's Lilian Braithwaite), Jane Cowl, Constance Collier, Ruth Chatterton (who walked on to an immature rehearsal of *Behold, We Live*, which put off Gertrude Lawrence, who was

too sporting to put her out, remarking afterwards: "An actress can't suddenly come over temperamental; she has to throw fits all her life to get away with it"), Ina Claire (who is temperamental about rehearsals and once had your correspondent removed by apologetic Gilbert Miller), Ethel Barrymore, Aubrey Smith (seen last month in *Old English*), and Eva Le Gallienne (who expects to do Hedda Gabler with Charles Laughton in New York after Christmas) are a few celebrities who have shone at Dennis.

Cape Cod-er for Britain

THE Lawrence-Merivale play was sold out for all performances, with chairs in the aisles. Clients included Mrs. J. B. Laughlin, a Pittsburg dowager who has hardly missed a Monday in fourteen summers; popular Eleanor Phelps Wilds, who, having spent her formative years in England, remembers Gerald du Maurier in everything from *Raffles* to the part which Mr. Merivale was doing his too-level-best with; Miss Jean Hinkle, who is working her sturdy self to a shade collecting seventy-thousand "bucks" for a flying ambulance to be called The Cape Cod-er; Mrs. F. S. Talbot, of Bundles for Britain; and the aluminium "king," Mr. Davis, last seen in Nassau where he has sizable holdings.

Harley Street would have recognised the name, if not the magnificent physique, of Dr. Ladd of Boston, a great surgeon who has contributed to the *Lancet*, and been honoured in England.

Californian Dilemma

A GAL friend paying "the Coast" a first visit, writes: "I have been on a beach picnic, heard Bruno Walter in the Bowl, met Helen Wills and Thomas Mann, but don't expect me to know which I liked best until I get away from this fantastic place." Moral: Hollywood seems just as cuckoo to the average American as to us.

Quotation for Lindbergh

EDGAR SNOW, American, wrote: "Defeatism begins with irresponsibility, and the frustration of personality, and ends in an escapism that blames external causes for internal failure." Yes, and this department reaffirms quite simply that Lindbergh and Senator Wheeler are nuts.



The Playhouse, Cape Cod, is America's leading summer theatre. It is directed by Richard Aldrich, Gertrude Lawrence's husband. This year John Van Druten's "Behold, We Live," has been its play of the season



Gertrude Lawrence, sunburned and tattered, was photographed with Philip Merivale and her husband, Richard Aldrich. She played in "Private Lives" last summer at Cape Cod's theatre, and this year in "Behold, We Live." Philip Merivale, Gladys Cooper's third husband, took the part that Gerald du Maurier created in 1932. Richard Aldrich has two sons



Barry Jones followed his success in "The Doctor's Dilemma" (with Katharine Cornell) by appearing with Gertrude Lawrence at Cape Cod. He has a tremendous following in Canada. He is the brother of Lady Montez of Duchally, Scotland



This family group was taken at Malton, in Yorkshire, of Lord and Lady Hotham with their small son, and Lord and Lady Exeter, parents of Lady Hotham, and Lord Hotham's mother, Mrs. H. E. Hotham

Henry Durand and His Mother, Lady Hotham

Three Generations

Lord and Lady Hotham With Their Parents and Their Son and Heir

Lord Hotham, who succeeded his cousin in 1923 as seventh Baron, married in 1937 Lady Letitia Sibell Winifred Cecil, elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter. They have a son and heir, Henry Durand, born in May 1940, who is a godson of the Duchess of Gloucester. Lord Hotham's places in Yorkshire are Dalton Hall, near Beverley, and Scarborough Hall, Lockington, Driffield. Lady Hotham was a Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester in 1935-7, and her elder brother, Lord Burghley, married the Duchess's sister, Lady Mary Montagu-Douglas-Scott, in 1929

Photographs by Compton Collier



Lady Jane Nelson at Home

With Her Children and Her Guests



Hostess and Guest

Lady Jane Nelson and Mrs. Pat Hanbury both have husbands in the Grenadier Guards. Mrs. Hanbury was Prunella Higgins, daughter of Air-Commodore and Mrs. T. C. R. Higgins, of Turvey House, Turvey, Bedfordshire. Her husband is the second son of the late Sir Cecil Hanbury, and Lady Hanbury, of Kingston Maurward, Dorset, and La Mortola, Ventimiglia, Italy. The Pat Hanburys have one daughter, Amanda, not quite three months old



Jennifer Nelson Helps to Make the Chicken Food

*Below: Lady Jane Nelson
with Some Egg-Layers*



Lady Jane Nelson, who was formerly Lady Jane FitzRoy, married in 1936 Lieutenant—now Major—John Nelson, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland H. Nelson, of 3, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1. She is the elder sister of the late Duke of Grafton, and a cousin of the present Duke. Lady Jane likes country life, and before her marriage lived at her mother's place in Norfolk. She and her two little girls, Jennifer and Juliet, live at Knaphill Manor, Horsell, Chobham, where they have had staying with them lately Mrs. Pat Hanbury and her very young daughter

*Right: Knaphill Manor, Horsell,
the Surrey Home of the Nelsons*

Photographs by Swacbe



Nelson and Their Mother Enjoy a Joke



Juliet and a Watch-Dog



Mrs. Pat Hanbury and Amanda, Her Daughter

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Eye Witness

ONE of our troubles, in the last two years, has been that while almost everybody is ready to theorise, few people are in the position to make exact statements. With regard to certain facts and affairs, either ignorance affecting to be discretion or discretion disguising itself as ignorance inhibits almost everybody one meets. We have to be content to remain confronted by several unpleasant and sometimes threatening mysteries. Of these, the state of mind of Nazi Germany, since September 3rd, 1939, has been the most complete. Rumours and shreds of information tend to travel such a dangerously long way, we have been so consistently warned against wishful thinking in any estimations we are tempted to form, that, with regard to life (and the daily details of life) in the enemy country, our imaginations may cease to function at all. Now, at last, comes Mr. William L. Shirer's *Berlin Diary* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), giving us data for a great deal of thought. Mr. Shirer was a journalist in Europe from 1934 to 1941: during the most crucial of these years he acted as Berlin correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System of America. His diary was regularly and imperturbably kept: its publication in America has had a powerful effect on public opinion, and its appearance in England is of the first importance.

Mr. Shirer had, in fact, familiarised himself with (though never acclimatised himself to) the Nazi mentality while its coming dreadful effects on the world were still only to be guessed at. As an onlooker, he watched this horrible plant grow. The Nazi wish

to bid for American good opinion, the Nazi hope that America *might* be impressed, led to Mr. Shirer's being allowed, in some cases offered, all sorts of facilities for an inside view. In fact, Germany hoped for a good Press, and continued, up to late on in 1940, to desire to get one from Mr. Shirer. He must have maintained his position with some tact—and his reaction against this was the frankness he permitted himself in his diary: a diary, as he says in his Foreword, kept for his own "pleasure and peace of mind." We may now reap the fruit of his experiences.

Impartiality

A PART from the vast interest of his matter, Mr. Shirer is the ideal diarist. His sentences are brief and matter-of-fact; the pictures he gives us could not be more vivid. His personal life, with its worries, appears just often enough to give the events round him their truly fantastic scale. He records the German scene from day to day with the exactness and the impartiality of a camera. His impartiality, be it said, works both ways: there are times when we may find his views on England—especially on her non-realism and dilatoriness—on English policy, some English statesman and English conduct of the war, unpalatable. But frankness is one of the merits of this book, and if we cannot take Mr. Shirer's criticisms, which are fair, informed and moderate ones, it is high time that we shut up shop.

We find Mr. Shirer repelled, and in the early years almost fascinated, by the Nazi mass-hypnosis at work. To promote this hypnosis, Hitler and his gang certainly did

some first-rate theatre-work: the *Berlin Diary* contains descriptions of pageantry (always centring round the Führer's figure) that for the moment take one's own breath away. Never, in fact, was artistry more ably or more corruptly used. As a result of this hypnosis, the Germans became a diseased race, in whom judgment was suspended, emotion exploited and will sapped. Mr. Shirer, having a scientific mind, constantly adds to his diagnosis of the disease. One gathers that by the time Germany entered the war the people's emotions had been already so much played upon, overstrained, that no one was capable of feeling much more: quite amazing apathy was the result. Berlin herself was so sluggish that apart from agitation caused by the British air raids, there was never much variation in morale. War, with its worries and deprivations, was from the outset universally loathed. The chief reaction to victories was the hope that these might hurry on peace, and the only spontaneous hatred for England was felt when England refused to come to terms.

With this, however, went callousness—no image of human suffering (on the screen, in talk, in newspapers) ever seemed to worry the German mind. Perhaps callousness and sentimentality always go together—incidents that crop up in the *Berlin Diary* certainly would suggest this. Also, Mr. Shirer is struck by the complete blankness that drops like a shutter over the German face when any at all disconcerting question is asked. One is not, in fact, expected to ask questions to which the answer has not been dictated ahead. The Führer, like the customer, is always right—and it is not for the German to reason why.

Snapshots of History

MR. SHIRER certainly got about. Having visited the German Fleet at Christmas (1939), each ship twinkling inside with Christmas-trees, he comments on the first-rate morale of the Navy and of the democratic camaraderie existing between officers and men. In the German Army, later, he

(Concluded on page 130)



A Hospital Handing-Over Ceremony in Worcestershire

Richardson, Worcester

A recent ceremony was the handing-over of Kyre convalescent hospital to the Worcestershire Joint Committee of the Red Cross and St. John by the South African Red Cross Society. Above, Lord Somers, Chief Scout, and Lady Joan Newman have a cup of tea. She is the daughter of Lord Clarendon, whose place is Kyre Park, near Tenbury Wells

Lord and Lady Baldwin were amongst those who came to Kyre for the handing-over of the hospital by Mr. S. F. Waterson, High Commissioner of South Africa, and its opening by Mrs. Waterson, who is chairman of the South African Red Cross Society. Lord and Lady Baldwin are seen on their arrival with some of the nurses at the hospital

Thomas Mann Speaks to Germany

At intervals during the last year the voice of Germany's greatest living author has been heard in the land from which he is exiled. He speaks into the microphone in America "on problems close to the German heart," his broadcast is picked up and recorded in London, and then re-broadcast to Germany by the B.B.C. overseas service. It was in 1938 that the sixty-three-year-old writer had to leave his country, an outcast, according to the Nazis, from the ranks of "good Germans." Like many another distinguished victim of Hitler's regime, he was welcomed in America, and is now a lecturer at Princeton University. Of his recent books, two—*The Coming Victory of Democracy* and *This War*—have been political. *Lotte in Weimar*, his novel about Goethe, came out in England last year, and his latest work to be published here—in August—was *The Transposed Heads*. Mann was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929



Thomas Mann Sits with His Script Before a New Jersey Microphone

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

finds the same conditions—in fact, he contests very strongly our too-popular idea that the German soldier is dopey or robot-ish. The German fighters, he shows us, are vital, young in body and spirit—though their youth is being put to a vile use. Entering Paris (an ordeal he dreaded) only a very short time after the German troops, he feels bound to confirm, in almost every detail, the statement that they behaved impeccably. His picture of Paris then—shuttered, deserted, utterly silent in the ironic glory of summer weather—is unforgettable. In a German car he tours the Flemish and French battlefields, and puzzles over the mystery of the collapse—suspicion of a betrayal slowly gaining on him. He is at Compiègne: his account of the day there could not be more dramatic, or more controlled. Not for the first time, Hitler passes quite near him—Mr. Shirer has a great eye for physical mannerisms: not the twitch of an eyelid or the flick of a finger that may reveal (or give away) character seems to escape him, ever. On this occasion he writes:

I observed his face. It was grave, solemn, yet brimming with revenge. There was also in it, as in his springy step, a note of the triumphant conqueror, the defer of the world. There was something else, difficult to describe, in his expression, a sort of scornful inner joy at being present at this great reversal of fate—a reversal he himself had wrought.

After Compiègne, the return to obediently-rejoicing (but *not*, apparently, deeply-thrilled) Berlin. Soon after this, Mr. Shirer observes with interest the erection of still bigger and better grandstands—for the celebration of the successful invasion of Britain. Not very much later, these, with their large gold eagles, were unostentatiously taken down again. As to why Hitler did not, after all, invade Britain that 1940 summer, Mr. Shirer has theories (backed by some new facts) that are as interesting as anything in the *Berlin Diary*. At the height of that tense time he is allowed an amazing freedom in his tour of the French coast between the "invasion" ports—and forms the impression that here is largely bluff. From Gris Nez he watches the Channel air battles open the Battle of Britain. . . . *Berlin Diary* is not easy to summarise; it is still more difficult to do justice to. It is an outstanding book of this autumn—a book that, I take it, no one will want to miss.

A New Angle

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE'S *Sophia* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.) has an original theme—home life, the life of an English rectory, seen from the point of view of a ghost. Sophia Alderson, the clergyman's wife, dies—alone and quite unexpectedly—on the first page, and we share all her sensations, on from the moment when she realises that she is indeed dead. To call her a ghost is to misrepresent her—her vitality is so great that, compared to her, it is the living who seem unreal. It is for the time that Sophia still remains earthbound—tied to the scene of her married life, not yet disengaged from emotional hopes and fears—that we follow her history. When, at the end of this first phase, she is ready to move on into the Unknown, she moves away from us—we remain behind with the living, her husband and children, in whose lives she has been able to intervene. As a story this might seem to be full of pitfalls—

ineptly handled it could be sentimental, over-ambitious, whimsical, in doubtful taste or plain dull. As it is handled, *Sophia* is yet another of Mr. Ervine's triumphs. He writes with an utter convincingness. He shows how, after her death, Sophia develops a disturbing clear-sightedness with regard to other people—especially her husband, whom for twenty-five years she has passionately loved. She realises—as while alive she had never dared to realise—that she had not only married (both intellectually and morally) beneath her, but sacrificed the highest parts of her nature to the charming but specious, slovenly clergyman. Her regrets for this mistake are not selfish—neither in life nor in death is Sophia a selfish woman—she feels, more, that her mistake has been a crime against life, a sort of failure to deliver the goods. In fact, the principal irony of death (to judge, at least, from Sophia's experience) is that it shows one—finally and too late—what had been life's magnificent possibilities.

But retrospection occupies only part of Sophia's time. Though she takes things very matter-of-factly, she cannot fail to be interested by her new state. She is joined, as she hovers about Great Torping on the sunny afternoon of her own death, by Sue, the toughest of old village women, who has also just died. Sue—a sort of female Old Bill—is roaring good company: she is a "character" in the best tradition. In fact, this novel is never at all sad: it is not intended to be. It is, above all, stimulating:

it raises so many questions. Though it is not what I should call a reviewer's joy, because its fascination is so elusive, I cannot think of a better book to talk about. Conversation would never lapse in a house in which everybody had been reading *Sophia*.

English Flowering

MISS V. SACKVILLE-WEST'S *English Country Houses* (Britain in Pictures Series; Collins; 3s. 6d.) should, given its subject, its author and the distinguished production for which the series is known, hardly need my recommendation: enough that its appearance should be announced. Miss Sackville-West's writing of this long essay (or short book) is informed and stylish. Her descriptive passages are of great beauty—she has an unfailing sense of just what gives each different country house its own unique, individual life. In addition, the illustrations, both coloured and uncoloured, are a joy: they serve to bear out Miss Sackville-West's contention—that the English country house, at its most English, is like a natural flowering of the landscape in the heart of which it has been set.

Detection Up to Date

Do not miss John Rhode's latest—this month's Crime Club winner. In *They Watched by Night* (Collins; 8s.) we meet old friends (Jimmy Waghorn and Dr. Priestley), now up against mysterious air attacks. Home Guard figures largely. Several good characters.

Caravan Causerie

By Richard King

"ODDY-UPON-WEM" nestles in the valley between two ranges of mountainous hills.

It is an out-size village which—fifty years ago, perhaps—had great charm. But it has been largely rebuilt, and now its charm lies entirely in its surroundings, which are very beautiful. Some years ago, I understand, it was decided to turn the place into a spa. A hydro was built; banks impressive enough to supply the needs of a large town were erected; ambitious plans were under consideration. Unfortunately, it was then discovered that the water had no medicinal value whatsoever. Which, for the promoters, must have been very disconcerting. Consequently, "Oddy-upon-Wem" remains as it was, with the addition of certain visible examples of man's thwarted ambitions. A mere holiday centre inhabited by surely some of the kindest people in all England; combined with the usual addition of comparatively wealthy outsiders who, in their old age, descended upon it from such havens of unrest as Liverpool and Birmingham—here in peace and comfort and idleness to await Death.

Now all this is changed, for "Oddy-upon-Wem" has become a reception area—not so much for evacuated mothers and children, as for elderly ladies still partial, so to speak, to wisps of mauve tulle and flat heels. Time may not, perhaps, lie heavily upon their hands, but nevertheless there seems to be a lot of it. Tea-shops at tea-time and from ten o'clock to twelve in the morning do a roaring trade. On a fine warm morning "Oddy-upon-Wem," humanly speaking, may be said to buzz. Such talk of onions, tomatoes and eggs; such angry solutions of that still-unsolved mystery concerning the fact that, whenever the Government organises equitable distribution of any article, that article immediately disappears altogether! Such tales from distant relatives of bombs! Nevertheless, in the excellent hotel, probably in all the guest-houses too, they

continue to dress for dinner! Nor, though the entire world which once they knew lies in ruins around them, will they cease to go upstairs at seven o'clock to titivate.

There are moments when I think this clinging to old social conventions rather siliily pathetic; there are other moments when I wonder if, perhaps, this indomitable conventionality has not made England so unimaginative and therefore materially so great. The "Poona Spirit" *gloria in excelsis*. What will happen to that spirit in the event of a New World after the war I cannot imagine. However, it may be infinitely preferable to the era of those dully Bright Young Things, which made the post-Great War years so dangerously futile. There is indeed a kind of steadying link between these stalwarts of a past dreariness and the social revolution which eventually is bound to come to pass.

Any gay morning in the High Street of "Oddy-upon-Wem" has now an almost historical interest. We gaze upon a kind of resuscitated film; an ancient talkie. There passes, for instance, a family of three: mother, father, little daughter, all blinded in a Lancashire air raid. Grandfather was killed by the same bomb; so was the youngest child. A friend is taking them for a walk; though "walk" is surely a euphemism in the High Street of "Oddy-upon-Wem" on a bright morning; since the roadway is the only place where more than two can stride abreast. As the tragic family pass the most popular confectioner's shop they are held up by the obstruction of an elderly dog-lover, who has two over-fat spaniels secured to two long leads, and they are straining at the leash. She is waiting for another Elderly who is inside. At that moment her friend emerges, her face half-stricken, wholly bewildered. "My dear," she gasps, as one bringing tidings of despair, "my dear—NO TOFFEE!"

Three Christenings



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Second Son of Flying Officer and Mrs. Jack Purbrick with His Parents

Timothy Francis Stevens, the second son of Flying Officer and Mrs. Jack Purbrick, was christened at Eghurst Village Church, in Surrey, and had as his godmother the Infanta Maria Christina of Spain. Flying Officer Purbrick is a son of Mr. Reginald Purbrick, M.P., and married Miss Daphne Kingsmill, daughter of the late Mrs. Redmond McGrath, in 1937. They have another son, John, born in 1938, who has Lady Carisbrooke as one of his godmothers

Archibald Hugh, the son and heir of Captain and Mrs. William J. Stirling of Keir, was christened in the private chapel at Keir, Dunblane, Perthshire. Captain Stirling, who is the eldest son of the late Brigadier-General Archibald Stirling of Keir, and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, is on active service abroad. He is a cousin of Lord Lovat, and married last year Miss Susan Bligh, younger daughter of Major the Hon. Noel Bligh and the late Hon. Mrs. Bligh. In the picture are Rev. Father Rowland, the Hon. Mrs. Stirling of Keir, Mrs. William J. Stirling and the baby, Mrs. S. F. H. McEwen, and Captain McEwen, M.P., the godfather



Lieutenant and Mrs. Eyre and Their Daughter

Georgina Mary Joan, the baby daughter of Lieut. Richard G. Eyre, R.N., and Mrs. Eyre, of Queensmead Lodge, Windsor, was christened at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Mrs. Eyre was Miss Mary Royds, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Charles Rawson Royds and Lady Royds, and was married in June, 1940. Her husband is the son of Major and Mrs. Hastings Eyre, of Horewood House, Bideford, Devon



The Christening of Archibald Hugh Stirling

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

His Majesty's "Sceptre"?

IF it is conceded that Big Game is the best two-year-old colt of the year and Watling Street runs him to a short head at level weights (w.f.a.) in the Champagne Stakes at Newbury, where are we to place his Majesty's filly Sun Chariot, who beats Watling Street out of sight in the Middle Park Stakes at w.f.a.?

It is true that Watling Street was late off, but he finished dead last, and I think that it was fairly obvious he would have had nothing to say to the finish on that day even if he had got off well. This form may be too bad to be true, but Sun Chariot beat a well-performed colt in Ujiji (July Stakes winner) by three lengths (9 lb.): subtract the sex allowance of 3 lb. and where do you place the King's filly? She did something more than endorse her Queen Mary Stakes form, in which race she beat that good filly Perfect Peace, since I take leave to think that the Middle Park field was of better class than anything she had met. It might, therefore, be permissible to think that she, and not Big Game, is the best of this year's two-year-olds.

As to another recent important event, what are we to make of Owen Tudor's easy victory over Chateau Larose (runner-up in the New St. Leger to Sun Castle) in the Newmarket St. Leger, run over 1 m. 6 fur. 150 yards—i.e., 18 yards farther than the real Leger distance (1 m. 6 fur. 132 yards)—after the way in which he performed in the New Leger? It has been said that the Manchester course did not suit him. Certainly he gave us no indication of his previous best form. After the New Leger, some people said that he did not stay. I discard both the Manchester course explanation and the latter suggestion. I think that the

real explanation is that he is a colt of moods. The position of Chateau Larose is a very good sign-post; and on Newmarket St. Leger Day Owen Tudor was therefore undoubtedly the best-three-year-old in England.

"Gregalach," D.S.O., R.N.

WHEN Bob Everett won the Grand National on Mrs. Gemmell's Gregalach in 1929, that horse started at odds of 100 to 1. I wonder what we ought to say the odds were when this very gallant pilot was catapulted into the blue on the sea-horse upon which he won his D.S.O.? Every one of these chaps who do this particular kind of job protecting our convoys takes his life in his hands, for there is a very thin chance of a landing other than in The Ditch, unless the operation is carried out within a reasonable distance of the shore. To say "Congratulations" in such circumstances seems a bit inadequate, and I think I personally prefer to say, "We knew you would do it if you got even half a chance."

Gregalach's year was a memorable one. He was a chance mount, for Bob Everett was only engaged at the last moment; it was the record National field of 66, of which only 10 finished, 20 fell, 30 were carried out by loose horses and such-like, and 6 refused or pulled up. It was also the second time within a very short space that the three placed horses were chestnuts (Gregalach, Easter Hero and Richmond II.), for in 1927 Sprig, the one-eyed Bovril III., and Bright's Boy were also chestnuts.

It was also the year of Easter Hero's regeneration, for, by his very gallant performance under 12 st. 7 lb. and out in front almost all the way, he made ample amends for what he did in 1928, when he put at least twenty horses out of the race by



At the Ballsbridge Bloodstock Sales

Dr. Patrick Stokes and Mr. Conor Carrigan, of Clonacoady House, Fethard, Co. Tipperary, were with Mrs. Masters, at the Ballsbridge Sales, Dublin. Mrs. Masters, who was a former joint-Master of the Gallant Tipps, has ridden over a hundred point-to-point winners in Ireland

getting astride the fence at the Canal turn. Only two finished—Tipperary Tim, ridden by Mr. W. P. Dutton, and the American horse Billy Barton, ridden by Tom Cullinan. The latter probably would have won but for that fall at the last fence, for he was going better than Tipperary Tim. Tipperary Tim's price was 100 to 1, the same as Gregalach's in the succeeding year.

Backing a Loser

AN inadvertently truthful German once said: "You will always be fools and we shall never be gentlemen!" The last part of this aphorism is common form: the first part not so. A recent trap was far too clumsily baited. The escort of U-boats for the hospital ships returning from Dieppe left too palpable a wake for even a fool to fail to perceive it. Whether there was any truth in the Hess rumour or not does not concern us; but even the Germans must have known what the answer to such a demand would have been. We should not, under any circumstances, hand over a refugee, who had flown for his life, to the tender mercies of Heinrich Heydrich.

The person who supplied the first intimation of Germany's contemplated double-cross was the ineffable "Haw Haw." Presumably he is not very popular at the moment in his spiritual home.

Cricket by a Cricketer

AND the name is A. E. H. D. Sewell; the book, an excellent one, *Cricket Under Fire* (Stanley Paul; 10s.), and worth every bob of it—and then some. My old friend



Officers of a Young Soldiers' Battalion, the Royal Ulster Rifles

Front row: Lts. W. Hanna, J. R. Corr, F. McGoffen, Majors P. R. Savage, D. Bowen, the Commanding Officer, Capt. J. McCarthy, A. E. Matthews, J. Magill, R.A.M.C., Lts. A. F. Ruxton, B. F. Masterson. Middle row: Sec.-Lts. J. White, J. Rennie, L. S. M. Cappell, P. A. Peters, K. S. Grannell, Lt. J. D. M. Kirkness, Major R. J. Carson, Sec.-Lts. B. A. Barber, P. J. Foley, D. R. Howell, Sen. Sub. Penney, A.T.S., Sec.-Lts. P. Garner, D. R. Smith, W. R. Cox. Back row: Lt. C. H. Todd, Sec.-Lt. A. A. Milliken, Lt. T. Brown, Sec.-Lts. E. Magee, P. L. Davis, S. Storey, A. C. Took, Capt. B. P. Goldstone

has probably forgotten more about the grand game than most ever knew, and as he is the possessor of a pungent and witty pen, it is always a stimulant to read anything that he writes because we know that it will be something straight off the fire, the opinion of a senior counsel of the game. E. H. D. has been bred up with cricket, and I do not suppose that there has ever been any cricketer who can claim to have played in a "Test" match at the tender age of twelve; but this author can. He was the eleventh man in the England v. India match at Ellichpur in the Berars, where his father was commanding a battalion. E. H. D. says that in this place there were only eleven white men, so they had to play him—and were, so I gather, glad of it, for he held the only two catches offered to him and made 13 runs—good work for a babe.

Later, when he went to school in England, he became captain of the Bedford XI., played for the County whilst still at school, later for Essex, for an All England XI., for W. G.'s Gentlemen of England side, was captain of Bucks County in the Minor Championship, and is one of the only two members of M.C.C. who made a century in his very first innings for the Club in a first-class match, and in 1904 he hit the fastest century ever made in any first-class match anywhere. So why should he not write about cricket?

In Chapter II. our author gives us a most interesting analysis of W. G. Grace and Don Bradman, and I advise everyone interested to read it. E. H. D. says, and very sagely:

The wiser critic rarely attempts to compare . . . Bradman with W. G., because the two did not play in the same cricket.

There is no cricketer of eminence that E. H. D. has not met, and he has many a good yarn to spin about most of them. I particularly like the one about the lady who asked Lord Harris if he were "interested in cricket," this being, I should think, about the biggest brick that has ever been dropped!

Nerves and Nerve

A VALUED correspondent, in writing to back up that which was said in a recent note in these pages, suggests that sometimes, owing to the fact that the patient is such a superb actor, it is very difficult to detect whether he is merely suffering from nerves or is really afraid. This, of course, is quite true, for some people are masters of the poker-face, but look in their eyes!

There are many homely signs of loss of nerve, that is to say, courage, and those who have had to do with that popular animal, the horse, if they have any power of observation at all, will have spotted them. The chap who alters the lengths of his leathers more than once is a "clue"; the chap who says everyone else excepting himself is wrong, is another first-class specimen; they have put the wrong saddle on; the steed is wrongly bitted; their boots are the wrong ones; the horse is far too fresh and vulgar; whereas the real fact is that he is merely keen, and if they took no notice of him and threw the bridle at him for a few moments, he would take the hint.

The alcoholic victim is always incomparably the worst, for his tummy, that Clapham Junction of the nerves, being like a parrot's cage, he cannot help himself. This is the person who always induces the belief that you have inadvertently strolled into the cage of one of the larger and fiercer carnivora at the Zoo. All nerves; but not for that reason any the pleasanter!



Gilding the Lily: by Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

A suggestion to the Ministry for adding a few more home comforts to the wonderful Rubber Dinghy, now supplied to Fighter Pilots, which packs into a space 15 inches square. Its equipment consists of a bottle of carbon-dioxide to inflate the dinghy, a hand-pump, rubber bucket, sea anchor, paddles, flares, emergency rations and cigarettes. The portly bird in the bottom left-hand corner is a Fulmar, which lends its name to our latest reconnaissance torpedo-carrying aircraft supplied to the Fleet Air Arm



R.E. "Tunnellers"—Somewhere Abroad

All these Royal Engineer officers are mining engineers in civil life and come from every corner of the Empire. Front row: Capt. C. Lee Wood, Capt. D. E. Williams, Major A. R. O. Williams, Major G. A. Moorhead, Lt.-Col. D. M. Thomson, M.C., Major C. B. North, R.C.E., Major E. F. T. Maunsell, Capt. M. W. Prynn, Capt. E. L. G. Keniston, Sec.-Lt. H. F. T. Linne. Centre row: Lieut. T. H. Rolph, Sec.-Lt. C. Ritchie, Capt. D. Taylor, R.C.E., Sec.-Lt. J. A. E. Paterson, Capt. V. E. C. Odum, R.C.E., Capt. J. A. Kennedy, Lieut. the Hon. J. Pease, Lieut. J. H. Thompson, R.C.E., Sec.-Lt. J. C. Erskine, Lieut. J. B. Kirk, R.C.E. Back row: Lieut. T. K. Richardson, Lieut. N. H. P. Palmer, Sec.-Lt. D. H. P. Somerville, Lieut. H. F. Wooster, R.C.E., Lieut. M. A. Elson, R.C.E., Sec.-Lt. J. R. Foster-Smith, Lieut. J. D. Bryce, R.C.E., Sec.-Lt. J. R. B. Bennett, Lieut. T. J. Benjamin, M.C., Sec.-Lt. C. W. Gibbons

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Rex — Huntley-Walker

A recent marriage in London was that of Count Christian Rex and Miss Norah Huntley-Walker, of Chesterfield House, Mayfair, which took place at St. James's, Spanish Place



Navana

Mrs. Michael Wilkinson

Elizabeth Susan Tatham, younger daughter of the late Charles E. Tatham, and Mrs. Tatham, now at the Green Cottage, Worlington, Suffolk, was married at All Saints', Worlington, to Major Michael Thomas Lean Wilkinson, R.E., younger son of Brig. M. L. Wilkinson, of Oxford Cottage, Marlow, Bucks.



Nightingale — Sherring

Herbert Waller Nightingale, Malayan Civil Service, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, of Sanderstead, Surrey, and Jean Murcl, daughter of the late Mr. F. Brodie Sherring, of Salcombe, and Mrs. Sherring, of Beam House, Odiham, Hants., were married at Odiham Parish Church



Boys — Lomax

Lieutenant Frank Cecil Boys, R.N., younger son of Brigadier-General R. H. H. and Mrs. Boys, of The Orchard, Buckland, Surrey, married Rosemary Helen Lomax, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Lomax, of Littleworth Place, Burnham, Bucks., at St. James's, Spanish Place



Elliott & Fry

Margaret Pollock

Margaret Georgina Pollock, younger daughter of the late G. H. Pollock, and Mrs. Pollock, of Croft House, Stansted, Essex, is engaged to P.O. Robert John Greacen Parr, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Parr, of Helenslea, Gilnahirk, Co. Down



Avice Louise Dawson — Lenare

Avice Louise Dawson, daughter of Lieut.-Com. Sir Hugh Dawson, Bt., R.N., and Lady Dawson, of Rede Hall, Burstow, Surrey, now at Burway House, Laleham, Middlesex, has announced her engagement to Edwyn Inigo Lloyd Mostyn, Scots Guards, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. James Mostyn, of the Old Mill House, Horley, Surrey



de Boinville — Morrison

Captain Charles Alfred Chastel de Boinville, Seaforth Highlanders, elder son of the Rev. C. W. and Mrs. Chastel de Boinville, of Hunton Rectory, Maidstone, Kent, and Frances Ann Morrison, youngest daughter of the late Murdoch Morrison, and Mrs. Morrison, of Beechlaun, Inverness, were married at St. Stephen's, Inverness

*The Ovaltine Girl**The Land Girl*

Both on *National Service*

THE importance of the care and cultivation of the land in the interests of the nation's food supply has been emphasised by wartime conditions. But for very many years some of the richest of Britain's farms and fields have been cultivated and used to produce the finest of those natural foods which constitute the ingredients of the nation's 'favourite food beverage' — delicious 'Ovaltine.'

To-day, as always, the unrivalled resources of the famous 'Ovaltine' Farms and the 'Ovaltine' Factory in a Country Garden, are producing in 'Ovaltine' a food beverage outstanding in quality and possessing the nutritive elements required to build up health, strength and vitality to the highest level.

As in the Great War of 1914-1918, 'Ovaltine' is widely used throughout the Services and in military and civil Hospitals.

*Drink
delicious*

OVALTINE

—and keep fit for Service

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Compauthor

As author, the Air Ministry is a fascinating study. Although I have now read hundreds of thousands of words emanating from the Air Ministry, culminating last week in the book *Bomber Command*, I still find it hard to picture in my mind the sort of official face that ought to be seen in the frontispiece.

This is a matter worthy of consideration; for the Air Ministry is working very hard indeed to become the world's most prolific writer. It pours out words at a rate which makes the mass-production novelists of the past look small. Nor is the fact that it is composite authorship to its detriment. That charge has been laid at other doors as well.

It was Alexandre Dumas the younger who is always quoted as having said the last word on his father's literary production powers. When the father met the son in the street one day, he called out: "Well, my boy, have you read my latest book?" "No, father," was the answer. "Have you?"

It is obviously too much to expect that any single individual could read all that the Air Ministry writes, let alone write it. But as some ingenious illustrated newspapers used to construct the face—for instance—of the typical criminal, by mingling the portraits of numerous notorious examples, so surely we ought to be able to construct the face of the Air Ministry as author.

Former Frontispiece

THOSE Victorian works that never used to go without a frontispiece showing the author, usually presented a weighty looking person with beard. Most of them seemed to be a cross between Darwin and Charles Dickens. To get a like effect I suppose we ought to take Mr. H. St. G. Saunders and half Fleet Street.

I do not think we can use a beard. The Silent Service might object to being mixed up

with the loquacious Ministry. A heavy gold watch chain might be in order, and we should certainly have to include Sir Archibald Sinclair's uncomfortable line in collars.

Whenever I read the outpourings of the Air Ministry's news service, I shall try to imagine this frontispiece figure. After all, we have to thank him for a lot of reading matter. And the very fact that he is a composite figure, backed by one of the largest literary organisations on earth, guarantees him against writer's cramp.

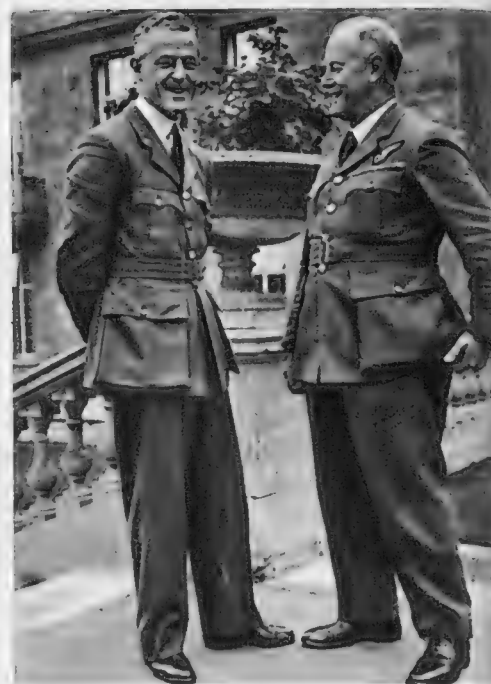
Benevolent Brass

ON the deeper question of whether there should be—in a well-run State—any need for Service charities, I am not competent to speak. The fact is that Service charities always have played some part in meeting the needs of the dependants of those who are killed or wounded.

I have recently had some small personal insight into the way the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund handles the cases that come before it, and I must say that, in the case that came to my notice, its method was a model of how such things should be done.

Prying and moralising are the two faults which tend to attack charities of all kinds. The R.A.F. Benevolent Fund is entirely free from them, and does its work with exactly the right kind of tactful helpfulness. So it will receive the support of everybody, and I am glad to notice that many industrial organisations are giving their assistance.

Among them is Gillette Industries, Ltd., which has started a collection of brass. The company asks for old safety razors and brass boxes. They will be passed to a licensed scrap-dealer for melting down and the entire cash proceeds, without any deduction, given to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The address is: Gillette Industries, Ltd., Great West Road, Isleworth, Middlesex.



D. R. Stuart

Sporting Personalities in the R.A.F.

The Royal Air Force numbers many famous sportsmen in its ranks. Flight-Lieut. P. D. B. Spence, formerly the South African Davis Cup player and Guy's full-back, and Wing-Com. P. K. Wise, the International polo player, are two of them. Flight-Lieut. Spence is now doctor to the station.

Airacobra Assets

ON October 10th, the announcement was made that the Bell Airacobra was in operational service with the Royal Air Force. Now we shall see. We shall see whether the remarkable new ideas incorporated in this machine are good or not.

My own reactions were first unfavourable. Then, when I received some further details of the construction and handling qualities of the machine from America, I changed round. Now I am an enthusiast for the Airacobra, and I believe this machine is going to strike a new and highly important note in single-seat, single-engine aircraft design.

The points have mostly been garbled in the newspapers. Let me put them as I see them. First, the aircraft is built on a chassis-frame basis. There are longitudinal chassis-frame members, and on these are superimposed the pilot's cockpit and the engine cowlings. In other words, the upper part of the fuselage is mainly fairing. This gives the advantage that the pilot can enter through a comfortable car-type door, and that the engine can be exposed for maintenance work, giving high accessibility.

Second, there is the aft-engine with the 10-ft. driving shaft to the airscrew. This concentrates the main mass of the aircraft about the centre of gravity and pushes the pilot forward compared with aircraft with engine in front. The result is improved powers of manoeuvre, and a view which is exceptionally good in the important forward and downward direction.

Then we have the tricycle undercarriage. I have talked enough about this already for my readers to know my views, and why I hold them. Then there is the 37-millimetre cannon. That is a big gun for a single-seat aircraft—indeed, it is a big gun for any kind of aircraft at the present time.

Now for more than fifteen years I have been preaching the use of heavier-calibre guns in aircraft. Here at last we are moving towards them. Finally, there is the fuselage shape made possible by the Airacobra's arrangement of pilot and engine.

It gives a finer entry shape to the nose of the fuselage. This may be of great importance in building up speed for power. I believe this machine is worth the closest attention both by technicians and by tacticians.



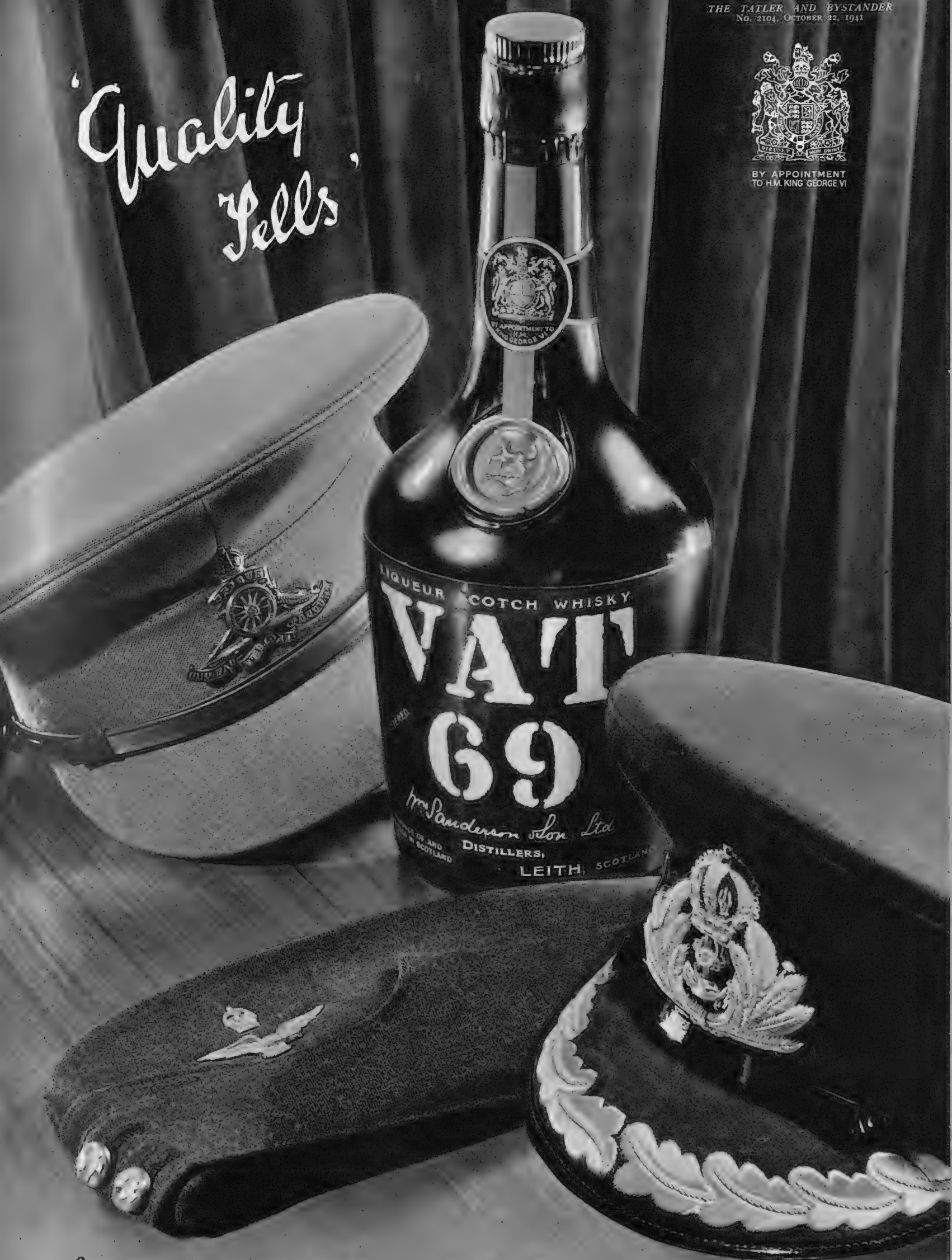
A Christening at Inverness

Michael Braddon Wheeler, the baby son of Wing-Com. and Mrs. Desmond E. B. Wheeler, was christened at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness. Wing-Com. Wheeler is the son of the late Colonel George Wheeler, V.C., and Mrs. Wheeler's parents are Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Fores, of 46, Castlenau Mansions, Barnes. Photographed at the christening were Mrs. Geoffrey Fores, Captain Geoffrey Fores, Wing-Com. D. E. B. Wheeler, Mrs. D. E. B. Wheeler and the baby, Squadron-Leader Peter Burton Gyles, D.F.C. and Bar, godfather, and Miss Burton Gyles, godmother.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

*Quality
Tells*



Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE

There is quite an art in choosing a coat. It must suit the figure, be warm, light, and of such a character that it will remain undated. Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, is making a feature of winter coats. To her must be given the credit of the one on the right. It is carried out in tweed in autumn colourings trimmed with "tipped" fox. There are "muff" bags to harmonise with the coats, but, of course, they are separate affairs. A new note is struck by the "basque" dresses. This accessory is attached to the belt and can be arranged to suggest a coat and skirt or indoor frock. Furthermore, waistcoats often look like blouses, the upper portion buttoning smartly down the front



Accessories are always important, therefore Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing an infinite variety of those that every woman would like to include in her trousseau. There is the breakfast jacket pictured above. It is of pale-blue broche velvet lined with lace wool, the design being accentuated with tiny embroidered roses. For chilly mortals there are those of quilted, embroidered chouette, for 30/-. They are just right for Christmas gifts. Angora jackets likewise have their roles to play, in dark as well as pastel shades. Pyjamas have developed into trouser suits. They are admirably tailored and look so smart in velvet in autumn colourings



There is a "dress" that takes unto itself many names. Formerly it was called an afternoon frock, now a house informal dinner dress, but perhaps the most appropriate is "easy to wear." The model illustrated on the right comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is of soft black marocain, trimmed with blue spangled with stars; it is a particularly interesting frock. A few words must be said about the dressing-gowns. Some are quilted and others are in lovely shades of velvet. Those innocent of belts are apparently preferred to the belted. A fact that cannot be too widely made known is that this firm will undertake renovations and that customers materials are made up



HERE is the newest thing in Knitwear created for export to the best American Houses, but available in limited quantity to the Home market. These knitted Suits look just like tweed. They are knitted in beautiful check designs, with hardly two alike. Checks in contrasting colours include green, maroon, tan, flame, blue, grey-black and red. Hip sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.

No. 1 ... 7½ Gns. No. 2 ... 8 Gns.
(14 coupons)

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S is the leading House in London for Cashmere, and at the moment they have a wonderful collection purchased before prices advanced. There is a grand range of colours, including capri, tuscan red, Sherwood green, red earth, caterpillar, corn cob, thistle and travel brown. Bust sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.

Pullover (as illustrated) ... 29/6
Cardigan to match ... 42/-
Pullover, with long sleeves and round neck ... 35/6

(5 coupons each garment)

Marshall & Snelgrove's have a good selection of Skirts for wearing with jumpers. The example photographed is in a lovely check wool, in a new stitched and gored design ... 59/6

(6 coupons)

AUTUMN
OVERTURES
from
MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET
LONDON
W.1.





Men's clothes by

Drescott

There may be some difficulty in
obtaining Drescott clothes because of
the limitation of supplies imposed by
H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.



*They're leaving the comforting warmth of the Ritz
For arctic conditions outside,
But she's wearing a "Thermadown" vest in her coat
So chill, damp and cold are defied.*

"Thermadown" (regd.) undercoats are covered in quilted art crêpe and interlined with Tropol (as used by the R.A.F.) Warmer and lighter than fur—and moth-proof. Obtainable from all leading firms in Great Britain.

42 in. long (7 coupons) **Price 79s. 6d.**

23 in. long (5 coupons) **Price 59s. 6d.**

Made by

SELINCOURT & SONS LTD.
3 VERE STREET LONDON, W.1

WHOLESALE & EXPORT ONLY



Ensemble . . .

One of our smart fur-trimmed ensembles, in five sizes, in an attractive woollen material. The fitting jacket is outlined with dark, rich fur; and the dress with knife pleated skirt and bead embroidery.

Size 48, one guinea extra

23½ Gns

(Model Gowns—First Floor)

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

it's a Pringle!



Pringle Personality Knitwear combines the most luxurious style and quality with a wonderful span of life, so necessary in these days of coupons.

They give a style-right confidence on all occasions and even the purchase tax cannot make them expensive. There is a thrill in the possession of good things, echoed on every hand and in every land.



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS STORES



ROBERT PRINGLE & Son Ltd.
HAWICK SCOTLAND

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

AN Italian naval officer burst into the admiral's office and cried: "I'm fed up with all this waiting about in port. I want to blow the British Navy out of the water!"

"That's the spirit!" said the admiral. "I'll promote you for that." The officer looked disappointed.

"What! You're not pleased?" roared the big shot.

"No, sir," said the officer, "I thought you'd discharge me for insanity."

Two rabbits were being chased by two dogs, and, having run until they were ready to drop from sheer exhaustion, they decided to trick the dogs by running into a culvert and out at the other end.

However, after entering the culvert they found that the dogs were waiting, one at each end. Whereupon one rabbit turned to the other and said: "Well, I suppose we'll just have to stay here until we outnumber them."

SMITH was just going out.

"If you are going down the road, dear," said Mrs. Smith, "you might bring me a turnip from the greengrocers, I find I haven't one in the house."

"What size do you want?" he asked, and his wife called out: "Oh, as large as your head."

On the way down the road, Smith met a friend who owned an allotment and hearing of the errand, said: "There's no need to buy one, you know, old chap. Help yourself to a turnip from my bit of ground over there. I've got some beauties there."

A little later, the friend was stopped by an acquaintance who inquired: "Who is the man working on your allotment to-day? He's pulling up all your turnips and trying his bowler hat on them."

"YOUR poor husband is still in bed, then?"

"Yes, he's really quite all right, but when the doctor came six weeks ago he said James mustn't get up on any account until he said he could, and we rather think the doctor must have gone into the army."

AMONG the things that might have been put better was the announcement by the young curate to the effect that he would be very pleased to hear about the illness of any member of the congregation, or of any accident which may occur to a relation serving with the forces."

HITLER stamped into Goering's office in a towering rage.

"What's the idea of having a tortoise on your floor?"

"That's no tortoise," replied Goering. "That's Goebbels wearing his tin hat!"

A SCOTSMAN told a friend that he was running for an undertaker, as his wife was seriously ill.

"But," remonstrated the friend, "it's not an undertaker you want, it's a doctor."

"Ah, na," was the reply. "I canna' afford to deal wi' middlemen."

(Concluded on page 141)



"Thank goodness we don't want any o' that, Mrs. Clarke"

Our indispensable Tailored Pyjamas

for the
Woman
of today



When ordering either of these Pyjamas by post, please mention second choice of colour. Don't forget your coupons, signed on the back

★

Service 1 (above) is in our famous Ceylon Flannel, renowned for its warmth and wearing qualities. In lovely colours of green or peach with white spots. Sizes S, M, and W. Post free (8 coupons)



Service 2 (above) is a better quality Pyjama in check Estaline, a warm and durable material, in smart ground colours of pink, blue, yellow, green or rose. Sizes S, M, and W. Post free (8 coupons) 25/- O.S. 27/6

Lingerie: Fourth Floor

Swan & Edgar

Piccadilly Circus, W.1

Rodex Coats

THE CHOICE OF THE
PRACTICAL AND DISCRIMINATING WOMAN

The supply of Rodex coats is necessarily limited. But there are some coats available at most of the leading shops and stores, and the same high standard of quality is maintained.

Made by **W. O. PEAKE LTD.**, 21 Hanover St., W.1

Wholesale and Export

Also at New York, Montreal and Melbourne

W a r
or no war
you must look
your best

for many years corot has been making it easy to obtain lovely frocks, coats, lingerie, etc., at modest prices on their easy payment instalment plan.

clothes
rationing

calls for expert advice, corot has been advising the world's best-dressed women for years, why not take advantage of their years of fashion experience to plan your dress budget for the next six months?

call in

at their showrooms and fit yourself out for the rest of the year, or write for their new catalogue, giving details of their instalment plan and coupon values—and order by post.

they're very good at this, they've done it successfully for 14 years.

corot

33 old bond st., london, w.1
(ref. t.7) regent 0234

please send catalogue and details of instalments

name.....
t.7.....
address.....



MIRROR, MIRROR,
TELL ME TRUE...

Happy birthday, little reflection!...
But why so glum?

Look for yourself! (says the face in the mirror). You may be thirty-something, but the way you use your powder would disgrace a schoolgirl! Change to **POUDRE SIMON** or **LA NOUVELLE POUDRE SIMON**. They're so fine and so pure they bring out the natural radiance of the skin. They'll give you a complexion as soft as silk—as smooth as alabaster.

POUDRE SIMON 1/9 plus tax.
LA NOUVELLE POUDRE SIMON 1/3 plus tax, also 6d. boxes.

**CRÈME
SIMON**

YOUR MIRROR WILL TELL YOU—
Crème Simon care makes all the difference

Streamlined Pleats

ALL ROUND...



A Gor-ray **KONERAY** Pleated Skirt "hangs" as exquisitely at the back as it does at the front. Its knife-edged pleats are graduated to taper off in the same unbroken lines to snug-fitting, single material over the hips. No gaping where the stitching commences mars their symmetry; no "pull" causes them to come unstitched. Sold in a variety of good quality materials by drapers and stores everywhere. Prices from 2 Gns.

Manufacturer: **C. STILLITZ**,
Leamington Spa. Warwickshire

"Koneray" ★
PATENT PENDING
PLEATED SKIRTS

**G
O
R
-
R
A
Y**

Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 142)

IN New York they are telling a story about a wealthy woman who thought she would like to be hospitable to the soldiers at a neighbouring camp. She wrote to the commanding officer and invited two men to dine at her house on the following evening; but, she added, on no account must they be Jews.

The next evening two soldiers from the camp arrived at the house at the appointed time. They were Negroes.

"There must be some mistake," said the hostess. "No, ma'am," replied one of the Negroes, "Colonel Cohen he don't make no mistakes."

THE motherly old cook was being introduced by her new employer to the kitchen of a very modern flat. The employer pointed with pride to the electric cooker, the hot water system, the radiator, the refrigerator, the vacuum cleaner, the washing-machine, the steam-drying apparatus, the switchboards, and so on.

The cook took a very good look round and put on her hat and coat.

"Why are you doing that?" said the mistress, in surprise. "Surely you're not going?"

"I am that, ma'am. It's an engineer you want, not a cook?"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"I hope the wireless is working—I want to hear what the raid was like"

SEVERAL times lately a certain Hollywood actor has been seen with the same girl. He was cornered in a Hollywood café the other night by a Los Angeles columnist. The columnist demanded the lowdown.

"Tell me," he asked. "Is this thing serious?"

The actor seemed somewhat annoyed.

"Positively not," was his reply. "We're married!"

THE irate citizen strode into the big fur store. He walked right up to the proprietor.

"I've been passing your store for the past two months," he stormed, "and I'm telling you right here and now that I don't like that £1,000 mink coat you have in your window. I wish you'd get rid of it."

The proprietor bristled. He was obviously annoyed.

"Is that so?" he sneered. "I'm sorry it offends you—but may I inquire who's asking you to buy it?"

The citizen shook an angry fist under the fur man's nose.

"My wife!" he choked.

THE inspector, visiting a country school, asked the children a number of questions. After a while he said to a junior class:

"Now I want you to ask me questions that I can't answer."

After a few vain attempts a small boy said:

"Please, sir, if you were stuck in a pool of mud up to your neck and I threw a brick at you, would you duck?"

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
OCTOBER

Name { Mrs.
 { Miss

Address



BUSY STREET

Wearra Shoes are at their very best on "Busy Street." They simply thrive on hard work. They make a man proud of his well-dressed feet, and they don't object in the least to the extra hours of work imposed by A.R.P. or fire-watching.

Made in sizes and half-sizes, each in slim, medium or broad; hence the perfect fitting which ensures the perfect comfort.

Fine quality shoes in three (American-styled) models.

Made in the choicest black or brown leather by British craftsmen.

Wearra
MULTIPLE
FITTING
SHOES FOR MEN



H.L.S. says:

Send a postcard for my little book, "Footwear since the World began"; also name of local Wearra stockists, to the makers:

JOHN SHORTLAND LTD.

(Dept. T) Irthlingborough,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

GILLETTE

blades

last longer

and

save steel

★ . . . and even longer still if you wash your face first and then remember to lather at least twice as long as you usually do. The Gillette blade is made with a "shouldered" edge which gives it a long strong life. But why give it extra work on half-softened stubble—why not get extra shaves instead?

PRICES

INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX

Blue Gillette 1/3 for 5

Stainless Gillette 1/3 for 5

Thin Gillette 1/3 for 6

a 'stitch-
in-time'
saves —
5 COUPONS!

A Braemar that has seen long and honourable service can be made to look almost like new by the experts of the Stitch-in-Time Service. Holes can be mended, worn places re-woven, elbows restored, skirts re-shaped. There is no purchase tax on repairs (unless a piece of new material is used) and of course no coupons are needed. Only difficulty is, excessive popularity of this new service. It's a good idea to send off your Braemar now (through your retailer) and have it back in good time all ready for winter service.

All garments must be sent through a retailer, please!



'STITCH-IN-TIME' SERVICE

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND



The History of HENNESSY is the History of GOOD BRANDY

★ ★ ★

MAN'S MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION



Now that a suit is rapidly becoming man's most precious possession—ask your tailor to cut yours in Sportex. This Scottish-woven cloth conceals the toughness of bracken beneath an aristocratic smoothness of texture and choice of design, and is equally at home in town or country.



"Have it cut in **SPORTEX**
it'll last as long as mine"

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WOVEN CLOTH FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR

WANTED FURS & FUR COATS

Highest Prices Paid
SEND TO-DAY

We refund carriage and make offer
per return

CHILD, 32 Hill Street, Birmingham

Est. 45 years Bankers: Lloyds

JACQMAR'S

New Printed R.A.F. Scarf
"Happy Landings"

is now available for sale in
Great Britain

JACQMAR, 16 GROSVENOR ST., W.1
MAYfair 6111

THE THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

CHUBB SAFES

THE THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

TITLED LADIES' GOWNS

COATS, COSTUMES, etc., created by MOLYNEUX,
HARTNELL, CHANEL, WORTH, PAQUIN, SCHIA-
PARELLI, etc., new or worn once only, also direct
from all the eminent houses. Our prices 2-12 gns.
approx. (½ pre-war prices).

REGENT DRESS CO.

1st Floor, Piccadilly Mansions, 17 Shaftesbury Avenue,
Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

(Next door to Cafe Monica).
Gerrard 7326 Gentlemen's Dept., 2nd Floor.



Don't think you are being unpatriotic by having good light-
ing in your home. You can enjoy *good lighting* by using
Royal "Ediswan" Coiled-Coil Lamps; they give up to 20%
more light without consuming any more current.

Voltages 100/130—200/260

40 watt Pearl 1/7 75 watt Pearl 1/10
60 " " 1/7 100 " " 2/-

plus Purchase Tax



ROYAL "EDISWAN" LAMPS

Obtainable at all Electrical Suppliers

"Shall be glad to
get out of this and
have a wash"



You're a different person after a
warm wash with Wright's—
refreshed and invigorated; all the
stains of travel and the fear of
infection quickly cleansed away
in that fragrant, antiseptic lather.

So thorough—and so gentle too!

Before you go and when
you get there

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar
Soap

THE **SAFE SOAP** ★

PRICE 7½d. PER TABLET

PURCHASE TAX INCLUDED



The Water Mill, by Ruisdael (1628-1682).

The ever-turning wheel...

It is a far cry from the ponderous water wheels of old to the Wheels of Industry as they are today. So much now depends on those wheels, so much of Britain's industry, her trade at home, her commerce overseas...

The wheels of the B.S.A. factories turn ceaselessly—wheels designed, controlled, and guided by the hands and brains of master engineers—wheels responsible for Daimler, Lanchester, and B.S.A. Cars, B.S.A. Motor Cycles, Bicycles, Tools and Guns... Wheels that give us the special steels of Jessop & Saville, Daimler Buses, and the Monochrome Hardchrome Process.

Those who have produced these engineering masterpieces have ever held the

wheel in great respect. They know its power, they know the comforts and conveniences it has produced for you, for me, and for the next man. They know its vast potentialities in the production of yet greater achievements. They continue to study those potentialities...

BSA*

produces:

Daimler Cars

Lanchester Cars

B.S.A. Bicycles

B.S.A. Cars and Motor Cycles

Jessop & Saville Special Steels

B.S.A. & Burton Griffiths Tools

Monochrome Hardchrome Process

B.S.A. Guns and Rifles

* The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., England